PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

MAY 1 1944

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVII. No. 684. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1944 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 217
Salute the Soldier 219
Greek Unity 220
A London Diary. By Critic 221
Housing Star. By Sagittarius 221
This England 221
A Courageous Initiative 222
The Case Against Basic English. By H. N. Brailsford 222
Practice Jump. By James Monahan . . . 223
Plays and Pictures 223
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 224
Correspondence 224
From Reginald Sorensen, M.P.; Nicholas Davenport; C. E. M. Joad; Hsiao Ch'ien; F. Kabraji; R. Bishop; S. J. Gee; and others.
Page
Books in General. By Edward Sackville West 227
Reviews:
High Tension. By G. W. Stonier . . 228
China. By Dorothy Woodman . . . 229
A Poet's Father. By T. C. Worsley . . 229
In At One Ear . . . By V. S. Pritchett . . 230
Week-end Competitions 231

THE UNDROPPABLE PILOT

Mr. Churchill's view that the Government must regard defeat on a clause of a piece of domestic legislation as a question of confidence is the most arrant nonsense. In times of peace the Government is always entitled to appeal to the electorate if its majority is in doubt; to-day, when there is no alternative government ready to take over and no desire to defeat the Bill or the Government during the war, the threat of an election is merely a crude bit of bullying. The distinction between domestic legislation in which Parliament should take a full share and war administration, which must be largely left to the Government, is perfectly plain; to deny it is to say in effect that there can be no serious reconstruction legislation during the war since any disagreement with the Government will produce a crisis. The pretence that the Government needs the Vote of Confidence to enable it to hold up its head with the world during the war is refuted by the simple contrast with the United States, whose prestige seems to survive Mr. Roosevelt's constant defeats by Congress. The question of equal pay has nothing to do with "confidence." The Government would be strengthened by accepting Parliament's decision; it can have a genuine vote of confidence on war administration any day it likes. As it is, it will get a vote of confidence by making M.P.s reverse an honest decision and vote against their consciences.

On the disputed clause we need say little. Do Mr. Butler and his Board really suppose that women teachers will be respected or can respect themselves, if with the same qualifications they accept for the same work lower pay than men? The only respectable argument for two scales of salary—that men more often have dependants, and especially children, to support—is one which will be met by the adoption of children's allowances. We believe it to be both urgent and necessary to raise salaries all round in the teaching profession in order to secure a much higher educational standard. The obvious first step is to raise the women's salaries to the men's level. It is true enough that a reform here must presently be extended to Civil Servants and that will cost some millions. Children's allowances will however, enable us to abolish a system of unequal pay which, as between one adult and another, is repugnant to social justice.

Mr. Churchill's Reconnaissance

Mr. Churchill carried the listening multitudes with him on Sunday night on a flight of reconnaissance round the globe. It was a distant and rather hurried view that he allowed us of several scenes in this "fell and ferocious war." But if we saw little that was new from the plane we shared with him, we had the advantage of his comments on the vast panorama. The result was that, while we may have seen the landscape rather dimly through the haze of his adjectives, we did learn something about our august fellow-passenger and pilot. In short, if he told us little about the war, he told us a good deal about himself.

This war, as Mr. Churchill sees it, is waged primarily in the Mediterranean and along its shores; the Indian Ocean holds the second place. Always it is round the British Empire that the struggle swirls. In his reference to the Pacific Mr. Churchill said nothing of co-operating with China; he spoke of the defeat of Japan as if it were only an American and British affair. The other positive impression that formed in our mind as this unusual pilot talked was that the outstanding human fact for him, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, is his comradeship and alliance with America. To this he recurred continually at every turn in our flight, and always he contrived to find some arresting phrase, some more than usually emotional words, whenever he spoke of the "magnificent armies" of these Allies. If he thought of any audience other than his own fellow-countrymen, it was the Americans whom he sought to win and reassure.

The most astonishing thing about this flight was the success with which our pilot skirted the coasts of Europe but never crossed this continent. He hovered for one uneasy moment over Italy and cast a glance at Marshal Tito as he turned. But as he gossiped at the wheel we found ourselves wondering what is this continent of Europe for him. Is it inhabited? At no point did he mention its inhabitants, still less did he address them. Has Europe become for him merely a vast target on which we and the Americans unload our bombs in a competitive fury of destruction? The silence was the more remarkable because the hour is approaching, however slowly, when we and the Americans must play our part in liberating the peoples of Europe. It will not be all feints, false alarms and dress rehearsals. Mr. Churchill offered no lead to the enslaved peoples of Europe. His references to the Russians, while they expressed admiration for the Red Army and "envy" of Stalin's unrestricted authority, were singularly detached.

To our thinking this was a disquieting speech, not because of anything it plainly said, but rather for what it implied and left unsaid. In plain words, we divine that Mr. Churchill is losing his historic interest in Europe, save where it touches, in Spain, Italy and Greece, the strategic lifeline of the Empire. These three countries he hopes to control by imposing on two of them their ex-fascist Kings: the third can be played with oil and wheat for bait. But with these traditional exceptions, which are in keeping with the old-world Tory view of Empire, he has no coherent plans for Europe. He has, we suppose, resigned himself without excessive regret to the prospect that Russia will go her own way. She is winning the war on the Continent with the minimum of help from us and she will go her way in dictating the peace within the big and populous region that primarily concerns her. The odd manoeuvre of the Russians in restoring full diplomatic relations with the government of King Victor and Marshal Badoglio, so soon after *Pravda's* indiscretion, suggests that Moscow no longer troubles to preserve appearances.

What is left of the plan of collaboration which Mr. Eden worked out at Moscow with Mr. Molotov and Mr. Hull? There is more in all this than a temporary lack of co-ordination. It offers little hope that we shall achieve an integration of Europe after the war, either for political or economic purposes. Its Eastern half will be Russia's sphere of interest and it is problematic whether any functional organisations of much significance can be built up to link with the Western half.

Where Germany will stand between these two, we find it impossible to guess—if, indeed, any single German Reich does emerge from the occupation by the three leading Powers. It is disturbing in view of this prospect to read the confident newspaper predictions of Mr. Eden's early departure from the Foreign Office. He is a European in his outlook. He realises that our island must stand or fall with European civilisation however close and important are the ties that bind us to our kinsmen in the Dominions and the United States. Above all he grasped, even before this war, how vital for the world's peace it is that we should co-operate intimately with the Russians. The machinery of co-ordination he devised is not working well. If the future is governed, even more decidedly than the past, by Mr. Churchill's lop-sided orientation, it is not easy to hope much for the organisation of peace, either on a Continental or on a world-wide scale.

The Allies and the French

General Eisenhower seems none too happy about President Roosevelt's instructions that he is to deal with any and every resistance group in France, whether they acknowledge the leadership of the National Committee or not. Apart from the French protests aroused by this dubious formula, Eisenhower is doubtless disturbed by the memory of his political experiences in the days after the landing in North Africa. Until a few weeks ago it appeared that there was to be no Allied Military Government for France, and that the National Committee would be empowered to act as the *de facto* authority. That point of view had been accepted by the British at least. Now, to judge from reports of American preparations and from recent remarks of General de Gaulle, it is by no means certain that the Liberation Committee is to play any effective part in the early stages of the invasion. If the Allies were to carry out what seems to be their present intention, the result would not only be a serious weakening of the main rallying point for French political and social life, but might also lead to that civil strife which everyone is so anxious to avoid. Meanwhile, the present debates in the Consultative Assembly at Algiers demonstrate again its growing maturity and sense of responsibility. Its members, so long as they possess no definite idea of the status that they and the National Committee will enjoy when the liberation of metropolitan France begins, have a difficult task. They must plan and discuss proposals for social and constitutional rehabilitation without any knowledge of how far they will ever be allowed to carry them out. In the circumstances it is not surprising to find the Left pressing for immediate reforms in North Africa which go beyond those needed to eliminate the influence of Vichy. This week, a plan goes before the Consultative Assembly which will include the abolition of the political censorship of the press and the drastic control of capitalist ownership of newspapers. On his part, General de Gaulle should at an early date do all that is possible to set his own house in order. The reopening of negotiations with the Communists on the question of their participating in the Committee is therefore welcome news. The Communists are abandoning their insistence upon the right to nominate their own representatives. If they can reach agreement with de Gaulle, it would do much to strengthen the Liberation movement both internally and abroad.

America Helps the Jews

The chief reason for regretting the taking over of Hungary by the Nazis is that it will endanger the lives of thousands of political refugees, notably Poles, and nearly a million Jews. The rounding up of these latter has already begun, and it is to be feared that they may be despatched to the death-camps in Poland where few survive for long. Mr. Roosevelt had this in mind in the warning and appeal he issued when Hungary was over-run. He spoke of "the systematic murder of the Jews in Europe" as "one of the blackest crimes in all history." He went on to appeal to both Germans and Hungarians to hide the victims and do all in their power to save them from the Nazi terror. This should be followed up by a plain warning, preferably from all the Allies jointly. It should be specific and should be addressed to all official Hungarians who share with the Nazis the responsibility for any outbreak of persecution. "All" means in this context first the Regent, Admiral Horthy, and secondly, the members of the new pro-German Cabinet. Several weeks ago we drew attention to the strong action Mr. Roosevelt has taken in setting up a "War Refugee Board" specifically to help the Jews. Like our own Ministerial Sub-Committee, it links up several departments, but unlike it, it has an executive officer of high rank, who is instructed to appoint attachés and agents abroad. It will be their duty to help Jewish fugitives to reach places of refuge. The United States was slow to move in this business. Is it the shadow of the Presidential election that has quickened the pace? In our own country pressure is urgently needed to get the notorious White Paper brushed aside as an obsolete document. The date is approaching when it forbids all further immigration into Palestine. To close that door, while we denounce Hitler's cruelties, would be an incredible callousness.

The Indian Economic Plan

The full text of the plan for India prepared by a group of leading Indian industrialists has not yet reached this country; but we note that the receipt of some fuller particulars has caused our respected contemporary, the *Economist*, to withdraw the stricture which it passed on the plan in the light of the very brief summary originally cabled to this country. The plan, as then summarised, looked unworkable, because it seemed to imply an impossibly high rate of domestic capital accumulation in India and to pay too little regard to the needs of agricultural as distinct from industrial development. It now appears that the plan does in fact assign a very high priority to the raising of agricultural standards, and proposes to put the main initial emphasis on local improvement, together with developments of transport and other services designed predominantly to serve agricultural needs. It is still not clear to what extent its sponsors believe that they can do without foreign loans—a much more difficult matter in densely populated India than in Russia, where there was plenty of virgin land that could be brought into use, as well as vast resources of timber and other materials that could be easily exploited. The Indian planners clearly do rule out foreign loans which would carry with them foreign control over the course of Indian economic development; but they may be contemplating international loans to which this objection would not apply. In the light of further information, the plan looks a good deal more workmanlike than the first summaries made it appear.

The Cypriot Strike

The general strike in Cyprus is at an end, and the Colonial Government has promised to consider the strikers' grievances now that they have returned to work. These grievances are very simple. The Government, which has become a very large employer of labour, has been paying very low wages, which it has refused to increase to meet the rising cost of living; and there has been the same tendency as elsewhere to treat economic demands as implying subversive political agitation. The Government rate for labourers works out at the equivalent of about 28*s*. a week, whereas rates in private employment have risen to about 36*s*. At present prices, 28*s*. is not a living wage. No doubt many of the strikers are politically, as well as economically, discontented. Nothing else is to be expected; for the nationalist movement has been strong in Cyprus for a long time past, and the Government's record in dealing with Cypriot grievances has been none too good. Now, we are told, as a result of the strike, there is to be a speeding up of the full inquiry which the Colonial Office had already agreed to set on foot, and the Cypriot trade unions will be given full opportunity of presenting their case. This looks as if the more liberal attitude manifested recently by the Colonial Office in other parts of the Empire is to be applied to Cyprus, as it manifestly ought to be.

The Mining Outlook

The coal strike which has flared up this week in South Yorkshire is a warning not to be too sure that the labour troubles in the coal industry are at an end. The new national terms do, indeed, meet some part of the miners' case; but coal is essentially an industry in which varying local customs count for a great deal, and the problem that remains is the application of the national terms to conditions in the separate coalfields. It has been agreed that the "craftsmen" shall have a special rise beyond the minimum; but a good many of the skilled time-workers are not "craftsmen" in the sense in which the industry understands the term (as meaning electricians, engineers and other crafts not mainly concerned with mining). Apparently the Government has refused to extend the advance to these other skilled day-workers: nor is it clear what will happen to special allowances for working in water, which are important in South Wales, or other local customs. The new terms have met with a hostile reception, on this account, not merely in Yorkshire but also in Wales and Scotland. Clearly the Government must go much farther in accepting local adjustments which will deal with the outstanding anomalies. If that is done, the new agreement may be saved from shipwreck, especially if there are accompanying changes at the Ministry of Fuel and Power. The owners seem at last to have become more reasonable in the matter of district co-ordination; and the need is for a strong and well-served Minister to pull things together now, and not leave every problem untackled until actual breakdown occurs.

PARLIAMENT: Juggernaut in Action

Wednesday afternoon.

Tit for tat: the House put Butler on the spot on Tuesday, the Prime Minister put the House on the spot on Wednesday. Tories particularly lamented his obstinate Totalitarianism; many felt with Mrs. Cazalet Keir when she asked bitterly what was the use of going on with the Committee Stage of the Education Bill if they couldn't express their views on amendments without being implicated in a major challenge to the Government. Others argued, with the Government, that radical changes in the whole wage-structure of the Civil Service and indeed of industry were implied in this particular question of equal pay for men and women teachers, and that so sweeping a social and financial reform could not be expected from the Government in piecemeal fashion on the eve of the Second Front; to which it was retorted that the "piecemeal" argument was always used by the Government to suit themselves and that it did not deter them, in other spheres, from introducing the "modest interim measures" on which they have been generally congratulated, not least by themselves.

Pride goes before a fall. Butler resisted the crucial amendment sophistically, with the graceful aplomb of a skating champion; seeing the cracks in the ice too late, he fell back on the desperate expedient of "I must put myself and the Government in the hands of the Committee"—which, in the prevailing atmosphere of excitement, was exacerbating rather than alarming or appeasing.

Not for many months has there been such a to-do. There were twice as many Members present as for the debate on Army pay. Neither Oberammergau nor Hollywood, nor even Sadlers Wells, could reproduce the turmoil, the tumbling chiaroscuro of the scene. When the figures telling that the Government had been defeated were read out, there was no immediate cheer, but an awed hush. Members felt staggered. "What have I done?" asked each of those who had voted against the Government; for the majority was of one vote only. It was observed that Mr. Churchill could himself have saved his Government by being present.

Hogg explained heatedly that the young Tories who voted against the Government had refused to be "blackmailed." When the Chairman obliged him to withdraw the words, he substituted "submit to pressure of the wrong kind." It appeared that he was referring to Butler's closing words; but Sir A. Southby egregiously insisted that "at no time was any pressure put upon any Member by anybody on the Front Bench to persuade him to vote against his conscience"—a manifest exaggeration, since, apart from Butler's words, the Whips' cajolery of Members on their way to the division lobbies was patent to any onlooker. Bevan contributed a grave and moderate plea for freedom for the House to express itself on special issues without necessarily always involving national unity and the fate of the Government.

All other debates paled in interest beside the constitutional problem and the Cabinet crisis thus unintentionally stirred up by Mrs. Keir. There were a few tiffs and guffaws at question-time. Noel-Baker was "not fully satisfied" that a lorry should have picked up 33 cartons of baby rag dolls at Guildford; and yielded somewhat to the general scepticism which greeted his statement that it would assist the enemy to publish the working expenses of the L.P.T.B. Sir Ian Fraser wanted the P.M.G. to include in the code messages that can be sent by telegram to men serving overseas one meaning "I am going to have a baby." Captain Cobb got the loudest laugh of the session by asking supplementarily if he would include one meaning "I am not going to have a baby."

PONTIFEX MINOR

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

SALUTE the Soldier! Yes, indeed. The entire people to which he belongs is very willing, and eager, to salute him. But how ready is the Government to salute him—not now, when he has enough to do fighting for it as well as for the rest of us, but presently, when he comes back and asks it for an account of its stewardship? Lord Beaverbrook, we do not doubt, will be as ready then as he is to-day to throw up his hat and utter loud hurrahs—even while his newspapers, under the pretext of protecting the soldiers' interests, do their worst to discredit any plans that may, by that time, have been drawn up and received statutory assent. Lord Beaverbrook's speech was indeed a perfect epitome of the methods of yellow journalism as its worst. First he told his fellow-noble lords what the heck of a lot the Government had done in the way of planning for the future; then he explained that it all had to be done by Mr. Churchill (hurrah!) and then that Mr. Churchill, having the war to look after, hadn't had time to do it; and finally he warmed up with a peroration of entire incoherence about Mustangs and rounded off with an adjuration not to bother the Prime Minister with anything except winning the war.

This is not a caricature; it is a fair summary of Lord Beaverbrook's farrago. It is worse than Lord Woolton's new creepy-crawly manner. At the Ministry of Food, Lord Woolton always managed to give an impression of being on top of the world, even when he had made a mistake; as Minister of Reconstruction he conveys an impression of helplessness. He explains that nothing is his fault, and that the root of the trouble lies elsewhere. No one denies that the root lies elsewhere; but it is now some time since it became Lord Woolton's job to find that root of trouble, and to grub it up. He gives no sign at all of an ability to do this. Every time he speaks, he has to explain that he keeps on finding the problems much more difficult than he ever expected them to be. But it is not really the problems he is finding more difficult; it is the persons who have hold of different ends of them and are hard at it pulling them different ways. At the Ministry of Food, Lord Woolton had a straightforward, clearly defined job, which he knew how to tackle because there was no uncertainty about the end to be pursued, though there might be about the means. The people had to be fed; and, out of the alternative means available, some had to be chosen and others rejected. The entire question was one of means. As against this, the still unsettled questions of reconstruction are mainly not questions of means, but of ends. Quite enough thinking has been done, both in government departments and outside, to show pretty conclusively what are the best means to employ in order to arrive at certain ends. But the Government has not accepted these ends; and therefore everyone goes on disputing about means towards undefined ends.

Take, for example, the Uthwatt issue. If it were agreed that what we are out to do is to make the best possible use of our land reserves from the standpoint of town and country planning, including the location of industry and the preservation and improvement of the countryside, there is not the smallest doubt that we should at once proceed to nationalise the land. The Uthwatt Committee said practically as much—and then ruled out land nationalisation as *politically* out of the question, and fell back on what was obviously a second best—the nearest it could get to nationalisation that seemed to be anywhere on the political map. It did this, and found itself opposed by precisely the same people as would have fought against land nationalisation, and by precisely the same methods of indirect attack. And these people were listened to, and are being listened to—why? Because it is not a matter of Government policy that we are to set out to make the best possible use of our land from the standpoint of town and country planning, or indeed from any standpoint at all. There is no agreement about the end, and therefore it is possible to wrangle for ever about alternative means, without deciding in favour of any of them.

The blame is often put on departmental jealousies—especially the other departments' jealousies of the new department of Town and Country Planning, and of the department (if it is a department) over which Lord Woolton uneasily presides. These jealousies have their part, as such things always have; but only one thing could have allowed them to become so monstrously overgrown as they have of late—abrogation by the Government of its essential function of giving clear policy directions to its Civil Servants, and thus putting them in a position in which they cannot reject all the alternative means, but must choose some mode of action appropriate to the defined end which they are to serve. The main blame cannot be put upon the Civil Servants; if they have grown uppish in denial and let their petty jealousies have full rein, the fault lies with those whose business it is to tell them plainly where to go.

Lord Beaverbrook, at the end of his speech, was in effect denouncing the policy of planning now for the future—the very policy about which he had begun by saying how good the Government's record had been. Had they not produced "plans for housing, health, education, agriculture, reinstatement and water"? The list itself is a give-away: it is such a hotch-potch. Education we may pass, with the Bill well on the way: reinstatement we may pass, though the Bill recently before Parliament does not touch at all the vital problem, which is the assurance that the jobs will be there to go back to, and that they, or jobs as good or better, will continue to exist beyond the very brief period for which reinstatement holds good. Health we may half-pass, with the proviso that a White Paper is not an Act or a Bill, and that, even as a White Paper, the Government's health scheme has a good many gaps in it still. But housing we cannot pass. A proposal to build 300,000 houses in two years after the war—many fewer in two years than were being built in one before the war—cannot possibly be regarded as a housing plan; nor can there be a real housing plan until the missing Uthwatt-Barlow issues have been settled. Our mere arrears of house-building, apart from war damage and arrears of repairs, already amount to at least 1,500,000 houses; and of these arrears we have a "plan" for making good *minus* 100,000—for while we are taking two years to build 300,000, further arrears of 400,000 will have accumulated. As for water, we are not sure how far the Government's plans have advanced; but we are not aware of any comprehensive plan that has been published or approved by it. And, last but not least, Lord Beaverbrook claims agriculture among the achievements of Government post-war planning. This, we think, will cause the farmers to rub their eyes. Has the Government an agricultural plan? If so, it is about time for someone to tell the country what it is.

It was sheer contempt of the people for the Government to put up an anti-Planner like Beaverbrook to defend its planning achievement. Neither he nor Lord Woolton had any answer to the charges made by Lord Reith—the one Minister who did try to plan in this physical field and was promptly flung out of office for his pains. Where, Lord Reith asked, was the sense of setting up the Ministry of Town and Country Planning if it was not meant to do anything about post-war planning? It could not be argued that it had been too busy winning the war; for it had literally no war functions at all. He called the facts recited earlier by Lord Latham and Lord Samuel "a melancholy and terrible chronology of deferment and reiteration of assurance." The description is just; and there can be no improvement until the War Cabinet makes up its mind about ends, plainly proclaims them, and instructs the various Ministers, in consultation with their Civil Service advisers, to work out the means.

That, however, would not please Lord Maugham, a former Lord Chancellor, who intervened to say that "the Uthwatt proposals were most controversial, and should not be embarked on in wartime," and went on to argue that, in the matter of housing, "it would be a great mistake for the Government to pledge itself to measures which would stop or greatly hamper any building by private enterprise or by the big public societies" . . . and that "ordinary private builders . . . would not touch the question of acquiring land for building on their own if the Uthwatt Report were to become law." Lord Maugham has at least the merit of having let the cat out of the bag. Usually we are only told that the Uthwatt and other Reports involve "great difficulty." Lord Maugham tells us what that difficulty is; they are disliked by certain great vested interests on whose side he is. Therefore they are "controversial"; therefore they should be ruled out. So what?

Lords Maugham and Beaverbrook and their likes (we are not sure yet whether to add Lord Woolton and his like) are under no impulsion to answer that final question. Their end is not planned reconstruction in the public interest, but the speediest possible return to private "enterprise." Their test question is not, "Will this make for better planning?" but "Will this offend against the sacred rights of property in their established form?" We venture to think that when they salute the returning soldier by waving aloft their title deeds and assuring him that they have assured his sacred right to live in a slum on the dole he will not be wholly satisfied, or, if they indeed befuddle him for the moment by frequent references to Mr. Churchill, he will not remain satisfied for long, and will be doubly angry when he wakes up to the fact that the old, 1918 trick has been played on him once again.

GREEK UNITY

Just a month ago it was announced that the three main guerilla groups fighting in Greece, the E.L.A.S., the E.D.E.S., and E.K.K.A. had reached an agreement, and this week news came that a political Committee has been formed in the mountains of Greece with the object of forming a Government of national coalition. This committee has approached the Greek Government asking it to participate. The Greek Government now declares that this has been its attitude all along. But the history of its relations to the National Liberation Front (E.A.M.) contradicts this belated declaration of patriotic broadmindedness.

The National Liberation Front, of which E.L.A.S. is the fighting force, was set up in Greece scarcely a month after the German invasion of April, 1941. It has had notable successes; the most spectacular was the general strike and demonstration of March, 1943, which compelled the occupying authorities to cancel the order for the mobilisation of labour in Greece. In the late autumn of 1942, when preparations were being made to attack Rommel in Egypt, Allied officers were sent to Greece to get in touch with the guerillas, whose help was needed in blowing up bridges and ships in port, in order to disrupt the German supply system in Africa. It seems not to have occurred to G.H.Q. Cairo that guerillas could be used for more far-reaching operations and that equipment should be sent to them on a generous scale. On the contrary, when E.A.M. was seen to be gathering strength in town and country, it was thought advisable to foster a rival guerilla organisation under Col. Napoleon Zervas, an army officer whose services have been at the disposal of anyone who could pay him sufficiently since the days of 1925–26 when he belonged to the personal bodyguard of Dictator Pangalos.

The Greek Government next approached various groups of reactionary officers in Greece led by Generals Lavdas and Platis, who were themselves in contact with the quislings. The Government sought to establish an organisation to maintain "law and order" in Greece and sent officers, carefully selected for their reactionary views, to command the Greek army in Egypt, which they intended to use later as a post-war police force. In the autumn of 1942 and in the spring of 1943 many Greeks escaped from Nazi persecution to the Middle East. There they joined the Greek Army, and found it led by notorious pro-Fascists. The resulting trouble spread to the Greek Navy. The Greek Government, fearing lest the whole situation should gain too much publicity, dismissed the most notorious of the Metaxists in the Government, and appointed in their place four Right-wing Venizelists.

This move did not satisfy the needs of the E.A.M., whose army, the E.L.A.S., grew from strength to strength in the spring and summer of 1943. It succeeded in turning the invaders out of the whole of the Pindus, parts of Epirus north of Jannina, Western Macedonia, the Olympus and Pierian massifs, Western Thessaly and the mountainous South-Western parts of Central Greece, and also some areas in Northern and North-Western Peloponnese and in Crete. In all these areas a Greek administration was set up by 1943. The Army numbered 40–50,000 men with reserves two to three times as large; the reserves, however, lacked arms and equipment. Its attacks upon vital enemy communications were skilfully executed to fit into general Allied strategy. Thus when the Allies started the invasion of Italy, the guerillas mobilised their forces and at the same time spread the rumour that an Allied attack on Greece was imminent, and were thus able to pin down important German forces. The Germans tried to seize the opportunity to deal a crushing blow and organised a considerable expeditionary force against the main guerilla concentrations in the Olympus area. E.L.A.S. dispersed its forces, so that the German blow fell on a vacuum, and when the Germans began to retire, E.L.A.S. attacked them from the rear. E.L.A.S. was considerably strengthened at the time of the Italian capitulation. Many Italian units surrendered their equipment to it, and some Italian soldiers joined its ranks.

During this period of military activity, the two other bands of guerillas had played an insignificant part. E.D.E.S., led by Col. Zervas, and E.K.K.A., under Col. Psaros, have never had more than a few thousand men between them. Col. Zervas holds an area in Aetolia and Col. Psaros operates in Mount Parnassus. In the summer of 1943, the bulk of E.K.K.A. forces went over to E.L.A.S. and the remainder seems to have co-operated with it since that time. Col. Zervas has attacked E.L.A.S. for months past, calling it a Communist organisation. E.L.A.S. summoned him to clear his bands of Fascist elements and either to co-operate with E.L.A.S. against the Germans or to disperse. A clash was averted and Zervas was saved from complete disaster by the intervention of the Allied Military Mission; an agreement was signed in March, 1943, under the auspices of the Military Mission, by which each group was to have authority in the area which it held, and all guerillas placed themselves under G.H.Q. Cairo. The resistance movement was given official recognition. The agreement strengthened the position of E.A.M. and weakened the position of the King, who had to concede a promise, in July, that within six months after the military situation permitted them elections for a Constituent Assembly would be held to decide the question of the continuation of the Monarchy.

The King is for ever associated in the minds of Greeks with the Metaxas dictatorship; the resistance movement had past experience of his pledges and his declaration won no response. The exiled Government thereupon set out to convince the British authorities that the Greek guerillas were lawless bands who could be of no real help to the Allies. Brigadier Eddy (pseudonym), the head of the Allied Military Mission in Greece, who had secured the signing of the guerilla agreement, took the King's declaration at its face value and thought the moment was ripe for reconciliation. Without consulting the Greek Government or the British Foreign Office, he arranged for a guerilla delegation to go to Cairo to explain the point of view of the resistance movement on the question of the monarchy to G.H.Q. Cairo and to open discussion with the Government in exile in order to co-ordinate the struggle inside and outside Greece, and establish real national unity. The delegation made two demands: (1), that the King should not return to Greece before a plebiscite had been held on the matter, and (2), that representatives of the guerillas should be included in the Greek Government. They failed in both cases. The King asked for support from President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, who were then together at Quebec. The President's reply was friendly but vague; the Premier's warm and specific. On the question of representation the E.A.M. delegates failed through the intervention of Mr. Casey, then British Minister in the Middle East; he thought it would be disloyal to H.M. the King of the Hellenes to bring in guerilla leaders who were perhaps only fighters and not experienced diplomats. The delegation went home after issuing a statement on their futile visit. More trouble in the Greek Army and Navy ensued.

In the meantime the Allies had landed in Italy and it was thought that an Allied landing in the Balkans was imminent. A large number of quislings, anxious to be on the safe side, joined the guerillas. The small and unimportant groups disappeared as most of their adherents wanted to join organisations recognised by the Allies. E.A.M. refused to accept adventurers, but E.D.E.S., which had been handicapped by lack of numbers, had no such scruples.

After the Salerno landing it became imperative for the Germans to keep a close watch on the west coast of Greece. They transferred forces from Eastern to Western Greece through E.L.A.S. country. E.L.A.S. was put in a difficult position. It was being attacked by the Germans from the East and from Albania, while in its rear was Zervas. At this moment the Germans announced that they had signed an armistice with Zervas, as a result of which the Red Cross was to be permitted to send foodstuffs to the areas occupied by his forces. Once more E.L.A.S. summoned Zervas to clear his ranks of quislings and to cease any co-operation with the Germans. The British Foreign Office has denied that any armistice was signed between Zervas and the Germans, or that Zervas ever sought German help to combat E.L.A.S., but it cannot deny the official British communiqué which stated that *after* consultations with the Military Mission Zervas rejected the German terms. Nor can the Foreign Office deny that prominent leaders of E.D.E.S., supplied with Allied equipment, did in fact try to oust E.L.A.S. from Acarnania, Thessaly and Epirus, and sought the help of the Security Battalions who were paid by the quislings to exterminate the guerillas, and who included among their leaders one of Zervas' old comrades, Dertilis, and three former aides of the King.

Thus E.L.A.S. was under fire from all sides, from the Germans, the Security Battalions, E.D.E.S. and the propaganda machine of the Greek Government in Cairo. And it was at this critical moment that the Allies ceased to send it any supplies. E.L.A.S., however, defeated the German units sent against it, whilst E.D.E.S. was broken into small groups and Zervas was driven from his Aetolian stronghold, where he had been for more than a year. He was forced to retire west of the Arta-Jannina Road in Southern Epirus, and his band would have been dispersed entirely but for the intervention of the British Military Mission. A new truce was signed in November 1943, only to be broken in January 1944, when Zervas suddenly advanced into the Tsoumerka Mountains and attacked the famous guerilla Aris Velouchiotis. Aris retreated without giving battle, and the British Mission induced Zervas to suspend his attack on Aris while negotiations were conducted for a permanent agreement.

It is this recent agreement which Mr. Churchill mentioned in his message for Greek Independence Day. On several occasions recently he and other Government spokesmen have spoken about the divisions within the Greek resistance movement. Apparently it was British policy to support E.L.A.S. as long as the Allied position was militarily weak, but political considerations, notably the friendly relations between the King of the Hellenes (now in this country) and the Foreign Office, now take precedence.

For the past six months only such scraps of information have been allowed through as tend to show that Greek fights Greek. Cairo propaganda has painted a picture of two equally matched bands of guerillas indulging in petty, personal squabbles "as these Greeks have so frequently done in their history." The Allies cannot afford to sacrifice the good will of the E.L.A.S. for the sake of Col. Zervas and his band. It becomes urgently important for the British Government to revise its Greek policy. No progressive Greek can give unqualified support to the Allied cause until the following points have been accepted:—

1. That the King does not return to Greece until invited to do so by a plebiscite of the Greek people.
2. That all support for reactionary adventurers cease, and that the real resistance organisations which have borne the brunt of the fighting should be adequately equipped and supplied.
3. That a representative Government be set up immediately to co-ordinate the war effort inside and outside Greece, and on the liberation of Greece to govern the country until free elections can be held.

Any other solution is bound ultimately to produce not peace and order, but civil war.

A LONDON DIARY

The story of Mr. Eden's projected resignation is not mere irresponsible gossip. It is an intelligible deduction from a dubious situation. If Mr. Eden found himself fully backed in his foreign policy I doubt if there would be talk of the difficulty of combining the Foreign Office with the job of leading the House. But the 1922 Committee, which dislikes any strain of liberalism in an aspirant for the Premiership, tends also to think that Mr. Eden goes too far in friendship with Russia. He has been savagely attacked in the *Daily Mail* and other haunts of extreme reaction. Mr. Eden stands as the protagonist of the United Nations conception; he is regarded as the chief architect of the Moscow and Teheran Conferences, and he publicly proclaims a sensible view that Britain's future depends on the recovery of Europe and alliance with the Soviet Union. Every time any of the Big Three take unilateral action Mr. Eden's position is weakened, and at 10 Downing Street the influence of Lord Beaverbrook, who believes in rolling up the map of Europe, is increased. Possibly Mr. Eden may feel, as he did in 1938, that he prefers not to continue as Foreign Minister if his foreign policy is being made over his head. But all this, I gather, is still in the melting pot.

* * *

The war survey which began Mr. Churchill's broadcast was no more than an excuse for his propaganda for the Government's domestic policy. From this point of view it was a weak speech. It was weak, but not disgraceful, like Beaverbrook's cynical bombast in the Lords. My principal feeling was that Mr. Churchill, who is rightly absorbed in the fighting, was not fully aware or informed of the subjects he spoke of. Did he really intend to pledge himself to see that all land is available to public authorities for new building and rebuilding at a 1939 price? I hope so—and I hope the Tory Party is equally ready to deprive speculators of gains they think they have already pocketed.

* * *

The Dutch press in this country is naturally discussing the German plans for inundating Holland in case of Allied invasion of the Continent. According to the *Voice of the Netherland* flooding has already commenced, and it is estimated that "nearly one-half of Holland's soil could be buried under the watery sheet of spreading inundation." Not scorched, but flooded earth. Germany's plan of defence seems to include the destruction of much of Holland as a precaution. One result of this threat is a revival among the Dutch of discussion about a Dutch occupation of German territory by way of compensation. The idea was discussed earlier in the war and turned down because the realistic Dutch saw nothing but trouble in taking a German minority within their frontiers.

* * *

Some light on the existence of anti-Nazi groups in North-Eastern Germany is thrown by the official announcement of two executions. An innkeeper in Koenigsberg, East Prussia, Gustav Klein, has "undermined the armed strength of the nation and helped the enemy by carrying on revolutionary propaganda." These words were used in the summing up of the People's Court at Koenigsberg. Furthermore, it was admitted that, significantly, Germans and prisoners-of-war were present in Klein's inn when he conducted this "revolutionary propaganda." In the little Pomeranian university town of Greifswald a Catholic priest, Dr. Alfons Wachsmann, organised listening groups and political activities. He was sentenced to death "for undermining resistance and offending against the radio decree." Both men have been executed.

* * *

I have in front of me the text of a letter sent by the Central Executive Committee of the Polish Socialist Party in Poland to the Executive of the British Labour Party. It is a tragic letter, whose hysteria is only explicable in terms of the long oppression of Poland and appalling experience of this war. Russia is denounced as an imperialism at least as bad as Germany; even the most backward of the Balkan States are "havens of civilisation compared to Russia." Pathetically these Poles ask that Britain and America shall "secure our territory against the prospects of a Soviet occupation," and declare that even "a temporary occupation of Polish territories by the Soviet Union will magnify the calamities caused by the German occupation. Comically they complain that the Treaty of Riga (imposed by Poland on Russia when she was down and out in 1920) was unjust to Poland and add that "we have no claims on Russia now." They make it clear that they are prepared to fight Russia for the Polish Ukraine and Byelo-Russia. How far is this exaggerated nationalism general in Poland? It flourishes, I suppose, far more amongst officials than among the fighting guerillas, many of whom are said to be pro-Soviet

* * *

Tuning in before Winston's broadcast I found myself listening to some good soul pleading for some Good Cause in a voice that would sour the milk of any human charity. From the little I heard I know the cause was worthy; the speaker talked of bathing babies in pudding basins and gave other examples of overcrowding. But no one, however worthy, who has a voice of acidulated superiority, ought ever to appeal for anything over the wireless. On the other hand, if you have a nice reassuring brogue like Mr. Middleton or the Radio Doctor no one will notice whether your causes are as phoney as your arguments. Just as I was indulging in some such cynicisms a different and a splendid sound came from the wireless. The B.B.C.'s reporters are indeed to be congratulated on their enterprise in getting this first-hand material from Yugoslav partisans. Their voices as they sang together were full and invigorating; this is just what we hoped Liberation armies would sound like. They sang Tipperary, too, and greatly improved the harmony in doing so. Surprising how many knew the English words.

* * *

There we all were, some three hundred of us, assembled for lunch in the Savoy by the Musicians Benevolent Fund to do honour to Sir Henry Wood. (And the honour was encouraged to take a tangible form. Money was wanted; money to build a new Concert Hall, the project, as Sir Henry told us, nearest to his heart.) There were the musicians and conductors, Vaughan Williams and Bliss and Boult; there, too, the pianists, Solomon and Dame Myra and Moiseivitch and Harriet Cohen; there was music specially written for the occasion, a Fanfare by Arthur Bliss for Sir Henry's 75th birthday, and verses specially composed for the occasion by the Poet Laureate and read to us by Stuart Hibbert. There were speeches by Boult and Jowitt and Horder and Dame Myra and Frank Howes, our Chairman. There was a witty speech by Sir George Dyson. Howes had presented Sir Henry with two jars of ginger to which he was said to be specially partial. Howes only regretted that he had not been able to procure candied ginger; *this* was only ginger in syrup. Dyson recalled those days a quarter of a century ago when every highbrow critic had his weekly whack at Sir Henry. "That, no doubt," he said, "was when he contracted his taste for candid ginger."

* * *

I am not the author of this admirable reflection:

> England! Let God arise and smite His foes,
> The arm of the Almighty let us borrow!
> But enemies of God to-day, God knows,
> May be our co-belligerents to-morrow.

CRITIC

HOUSING STAR

Now Stars of new design
For heroes in the line
Reward their deathless valour in attack,
The Commons and the Lords
Vote similar rewards
For forces more renowned for holding back.

A Ribbon has been won
By bold "Shakes" Morrison
Whose conduct in the siege earns recognition,
And in the general view
Lord Portal should have two
For a record of conspicuous inanition.

From the countless host that lurks
In the Ministry of Works,
They name in higher ranks the most deserving,
While Willink's suicide squads
Who face terrific odds
Are honoured for resistance quite unswerving.

For his last heroic stand
On the planning of the land,
When shock-troops of Young Tories charged like devils,
Woolton wins his decoration
For ensuring constipation
On the very highest anti-planning levels.

In unremitting battles
For prefabricated chattels
His bomb-proof tunnel he would not abandon,
But built long-term defences
On short-term residences
Though they had not one foot of ground to stand on.

For foiling hostile blows
On Churchill bungalows
Whitehall's defenders showed a fine example,
And, feinting a retreat,
Scorched the earth beneath their feet
By breaking up the only extant sample.

For holding planners down
In the Country and the Town,
For holding up the programme of production,
All Ministers concerned
Are voted to have earned
The Ribbon, Clasp and Star for Planned Obstruction.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. H. Moses.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The child who keeps a hedgehog, on the other hand, not only comes to appreciate the finer meanings of life, but at the same time is led to a deeper self-realisation.—*Schoolmaster and Woman Teachers Chronicle.*

Sir Harold Mackintosh, Chairman of the National Savings Committee, speaking at a luncheon given yesterday by the London Central Board of the Licensed Trade, said there were rumours that the Government were borrowing so much that they would never be able to pay it back. "No British Government has ever broken faith or done a dirty trick, or ever will."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Sir,—Some of my older friends in Newmarket have told me of the exploits of the late Captain Machell, who when well in the fifties would take a flying leap and jump on the mantelpiece and stand there. Is there something sprightly in the East Anglian air?—Letter in *Times.*

Gabriel Pascal tells me that he has had the part of Cæsar rewritten to include the attributes of General Montgomery. "Monty," says Mr. Pascal "has the human touch with his men. I shall show that Cæsar had the same qualities."—*Evening News*,

A COURAGEOUS INITIATIVE

In a speech full of courage and common sense Mr. Morrison analysed the defects of our present prison system and pointed to some of the practical methods of reform. Nor has he been content with words. He has taken the important step of announcing a permanent Advisory Council on penal reform at the Home Office.

Provided that the Government is prepared to spend money on the reforms such a Council may suggest, its appointment may mark an epoch in the history of our treatment of crime. If the personnel of the Council is as enlightened as the Home Secretary, it will demand centres for observation and for special types of treatment, and provision for specially trained staff for these institutions. Very wisely Mr. Morrison has laid great emphasis on the need to pay particular attention to juvenile delinquency; and, equally wisely, he has decided that the Council shall not be confined to experts in crime treatment, but shall contain men and women who have shown that they are likely to bring ideas to the problem. It should be the biggest step forward in this field since, a generation ago, Mr. Churchill became a prison reformer after seeing Galsworthy's *Justice*.

The decision is important, also, because, for the first time in the history of prisons in this country, the administrators concerned with them will be subject to a constant stream of criticism, enquiry, and suggestion from laymen in this field. Anyone who remembers the history of penal reform in this country will realise that it is in the combination of expert and laymen that the best hope of reform is to be found. Historically, the lawyers have done amazingly little for criminal law; it is notable, for example, that neither the judiciary nor the Bar Council have used their professional position to develop in this country a school of penal reform. Most of the great innovations have been due to inspired enthusiasts like John Howard and Elizabeth Fry; and even if Jeremy Bentham was a lawyer, it was characteristic of him that he revolted from the practice of the law.

Within the Home Office itself, there have been penal reformers on a retail scale, like Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise; they have been efficient and competent. But they have rarely shown any profound imagination, and their habits of secrecy have led to an absence of any effective public interest such as the women suffragists aroused before the last war and the conscientious objectors at its close. We have no career to rival that of Thomas Mott Osborne; no experiment as remarkable as that of Bolshevo—though Mr. Morrison rightly paid tribute to our training centre at Wakefield; no studies of crime to compare with the classic investigation of Cleveland by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, or of Boston by the Harvard Law School. It is significant that the most important studies of the criminal in England in the last decade have been the work of a German refugee, Dr. Hermann Mannheim.

The Council Mr. Morrison is setting up should at least do three things. It should create a public interest in the problem of the criminal which will be continuous instead of intermittent. It should relate the work of prison officials to that of men and women in the field of social work generally. It should go a considerable distance to forcing the legal profession to recognise the existence of obligations it has evaded almost since Bentham's time. And to these must be added the possibility that we shall begin at last to develop that clinical and statistical study of crime in its social context in which this country has been backward for something like two generations. The Prison Commissioners may even begin to realise the need for watching foreign experiment.

Mr. Morrison, therefore, deserves the thanks of this country for a courageous initiative. The times are propitious for bold experiment; and if his Advisory Council takes advantage of the nation's willingness to see great changes, his tenure of the Home Office may come to be looked upon as a vital moment in its development.

BASIC ENGLISH

[In this article Mr. Brailsford presents the case against Basic English. We expect to publish a reply.]

Mr. Churchill's patronage of Basic English compels us to make our choice. Is it to be the universal language of to-morrow? History had already settled the main question. The world's *lingua franca* will be English, but what sort of English? For reasons conclusive to everyone who understands the nature of human speech, none of the artificial languages has or deserves a chance. No language can live or preserve its standards, unless its usages and idioms are fixed by the traditions and literature of a people whose mother-tongue it is. A collection of words is not a language.

It is only in the life-time of our generation that the decision swung in favour of English. French was the cosmopolitan language of educated Europeans throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In my own experience as a wandering journalist, it was still in the early years of this century generally spoken all the way from Spain to Persia. It was everyone's second language in Turkey and the Balkans, while in Tsarist Russia the upper and official classes usually spoke it well. The decisive fact that made English the world's choice was that China stepped out of her isolation speaking our language. It is indeed the tongue with which all Asiatics make contact with each other and the West; it links Indians with their Chinese neighbours and also with Americans. Simultaneously the Revolution deposed French from its place of honour in Russia: it vanished with the aristocrats. In the world of to-morrow four Great Powers will be predominant. Two of them have English as their mother-tongue: in the third it is universally studied in all higher schools and is often the language of instruction. The beautiful but difficult language of Russia will be increasingly studied: but it cannot compete with English as the common language of mankind.

But will it be in the basic dialect or in standard English that we shall converse across the continents? Mr. Ogden's language has swung into such high favour since Mr. Churchill became its champion, that it may already be too late to question its claim. It has its utilitarian merits. A foreigner should be able to learn its vocabulary of 850 words with ease: its grammar is ultra-simple. It should be of use to the business man and the scientist. It may even be true, as its advocates claim, that anything men need say can be said in it. It becomes, however, an excessively verbose language the moment it leaves the level of everyday life, and it puts a heavy strain on the translator's ingenuity. Take, for example, the first clause of the Atlantic Charter: "Their countries seek no aggrandisement, territorial or other," becomes "Their countries will do nothing to make themselves stronger by taking more land or increasing their power in any other way." The case is worse when Basic is used for narrative. Without verbs it is impossible to convey action swiftly and simply.

How much will a foreigner have gained when he has mastered this peculiar form of English? He will be understood, wherever he goes, which is saying much. He will be able to write a satisfactory business letter. But will his very limited vocabulary enable him to understand the drift of an ordinary conversation, in which the rest of us talk normal English? He could not read a novel or a newspaper. There are, it has been reckoned, over 25,000 distinct words in an average issue of the *Times*. With his equipment of 850 he could not even guess his way through the leader page. A "talkie" or a B.B.C. news-bulletin would bewilder him; a play would exasperate him. Basic, in short, will be of little use to the foreigner until we Englishmen take to using it for most of the purposes of life. That, indeed is, the conclusion which the exiled governments in London are said to have reached.

How does the account stand the other way round? An Englishman can of course unde stand Basic without more ado. But a foreig will learn to write it and speak it very much mo easily than we can hope to do. What we have do is to banish and repress most of the wor we habitually use in daily life. If we use mo than the prescribed 850 we are not playing th game. With a great deal of trouble it can b done in writing, if we keep Mr. Ogden's page o permissible words constantly in front of us an consult his dictionary perpetually. But to lea to speak Basic would be a terrific job. To sta with, we would have to learn by heart th vocabulary of 850 words, so that we could b perfectly sure which of the words that com crowding to our lips may be used and which o them—the overwhelming majority—must b rejected. It would want not months but years o practice before one could talk Mr. Ogden' language instinctively. Most of us, if we kno French or German fairly well, think in the languages after spending a few days in France o Germany. Once that habit starts it is easy t talk, even though one still makes mistakes o hesitates for words. But could a "true-born" Englishman ever learn to think in correct Basic There is firstly that tiresome matter of the verb If we should be tempted in a sudden rush o spontaneous emotion to say "I love you" w must check ourselves, and translate it, instead into the tedious "I have love for you." Th lady in her turn must not answer "I knew yo loved me." She must reply "I had knowledge that you had love for me." Nor is this all, o even the worst. I set myself the other day the experimental task of translating one of Mr. Churchill's purple passages into Basic. The result was pitiful: I could get no rhythm into it; all the *bravura* was gone. I turned, therefore, to something that should have been easier, and tackled the first nursery rhyme that came into my head: Three Blind Mice. This was a great deal worse. None of these words occur in the basic vocabulary—blind, mouse, wife, carve, life. How many of us, in a rapid conversation, could improvise a phrase of moderate length, using only the permitted words, which would mean "mouse" and no other animal? I could, I suppose, force myself with much labour to write this very unattractive language, but could I—could you—learn to think it and talk it spontaneously?

It could be done on one condition, that we hear it and read it continually from our childhood up. That is also the answer to the foreigner's difficulty. If for all his proficiency in Basic he cannot follow a film, a play, or a B.B.C. talk, or read a newspaper in standard English, then plainly these things must be produced in the new dialect. Hollywood is already making the first film in Mr. Ogden's language, and an American publisher announces that he will soon issue a detective story in it. There are, or soon will be, great commercial possibilities here. A broadcast can be addressed directly to all mankind on a single wave-length without translation. With a popular novel to sell, why should a publisher print it in classical English? If Basic is widely adopted, he may multiply the circulation ten times over by using the *lingua franca*. For a generation or two English would fight a losing battle. High-brow weeklies, poetry, some critical essays and a few old-fashioned novels would still appear in English. But for how long could the *Times*, distributed all over the world by airplane within a few hours of publication, stick to the old forms of speech? The advertisers would insist on the change, if no one else did. Sooner or later the change-over would have to be made in elementary schools and classical English would be studied only by the leisured few, as an alternative to Greek. Fortunately the greater stylists of the old language will still be available in translations. There is, I am told, a good version in German of some of Mr. Churchill's works.

This will not happen in my lifetime. But in the long run, if we take up Basic in earnest, it must happen. The two languages could not exist happily side by side. Only a highly trained linguist could speak them both without confusion. When they come into competition, the economy of mass-production will manifestly favour Basic.

Then are we doomed to offer up our mother-tongue as a sacrifice to the higher interests of mankind? I venture to think that Mr. Ogden and his school are too modest and too pessimistic, when they assume that classical English will never be adopted as a universal language. Their conception of a *lingua franca* is needlessly philistine. How many of us, when we take the trouble to learn a language, are content to use it only for the ends of trade? We want to converse in it; we want to familiarise ourselves with its literature and enjoy the music of it in the theatre. Is two months really all the time we care to give, that we may acquire a tool so subtle as a language? There is no need to simplify our grammar; nor does the vocabulary of English, with its kinship both to Latin and Teutonic languages, present any unusual difficulty to the foreign student. Its one exasperating difficulty is its chaotic spelling. We are amused when we are invited to justify such an anomaly as the use of one clumsy sign for five distinct sounds, as in "rough," "plough," "through," "thorough" and "dough"; but do we realise the needless and depressing trouble that such oddities cause to foreigners—not to mention English children? These peculiarities of spelling have, to be sure, their historical interest; they indicate a word's parentage. Our queer form "plough" reminds us, as "plow" does not, of the cognate German "Pflug." But on the balance, if English is to realise its manifest destiny as a universal language, the case for a drastic reform of our archaic spelling is conclusive. During several centuries civilised men used Greek as their *lingua franca*; thereafter Latin took its place, and finally French. English, if we will but reform its spelling, is a much easier language than any of these. We shall gain nothing by mutilating it or simplifying it. It can take the place history has made for it, as it is, as our ancestors shaped it, a natural language in which men pray and write verses and make love. I would add only this stipulation: that if others learn our mother tongue, we and the Americans should, in our turn, make it a point of honour to learn one foreign language thoroughly.

H. N. Brailsford

PRACTICE JUMP

The great thing was to avoid imagining. But sometimes an image would come in, unobtrusive and unwilled; he would not see it at first; and then suddenly there it was, shouting at him. For instance, he could not ignore, out of the tail of his mind, the way the static line banged about, then went taut from the steel ring which held it to the side of the hole. He could not escape that impression—the static line shivering like a whip and the instantaneous steely rattle at the side of the hole. Reason said: it means that the 'chute has been pulled properly out of its bag, that the man below has fallen well away and his 'chute is opening. But imagination made him feel a little sick; it told him that it was like something — something pretty sinister. And then he got it. It was, of course, like a man being hanged—"woops!" he would say to himself, "that's enough. No good can come of that" and he would keep his inward eye resolutely averted—until the next time.

Here they were again, he and his nine, sitting criss-cross down the narrow fuselage, with that hole breaking the line half-way. Backs were against either wall; knees met in the centre; and they leant back as comfortably as might be. Only that was not so very comfortably because no one liked to slump right down against the meticulously parcelled, precious 'chute. He was a little way back, rear of the hole. Turning to the right he could see the airmen's heads out front, separated from the ten by pipes and struts and with the most exiguous of doorways joining the two compartments. Those airmen belonged to a different world. There was no comfort in them.

The preliminaries were over. The 'plane was off the ground and was now bumping along, amiably enough. It was an old London taxicab among bombers; as compared with newer and sleeker types it was cramped, draughty, noisy and homely. By twisting about on their knees and helping each other the ten had attached themselves to the appropriate hooks; nine were sitting, knee pressed to knee; the tenth stood by the Intercom. Everything was set——

That hook of his was all right—or was it? Don't be a fool—he almost articulated the words—of course it's all right. All the same, he raised his hand awkwardly behind him to touch the hook; he touched it and relaxed again with a little sigh. It was a sigh not so much of relief (he had not, in reason, doubted that hook) but of self-mockery. Life at these moments was a film of these tiny panics; you could make yourself dotty wondering about that thrice-tested hook joining 'chute-line to static line, wondering if the harness was tight enough to your shoulders. And merely to think of that hole and that rattle and that—

"Claret!" he said abruptly and very loud, to top the engines' noise. "I think a claret was the best wine I ever had. Haut Bailly, fourteen years old. What about it, Kimpton?" He was shouting to the man opposite, whose right knee was pressed to his. (This was no ordinary little group of soldiers; they were much more than semi-educated and they were much travelled. And Kimpton had been in the wine business. So the ancient gambit was not altogether grotesque.)

"Claret, sir?" shouted Kimpton; his smile was quick and strained. "Hock for me. Real old, damned old hock. Older than 1921. Like Château Yquem only better."

Adams, beside him, joined in. "Ever taste Hungarian wine, sir? Tokay. Had a bit when I was there. Golden velvet, I call it, golden velvet."

"Just like old hock"—Kimpton again—"only a bit too sticky."

The officer nodded hard to emphasise approval. "Had some Château Yquem six months ago. That in wartime. Grand. Huge surprise."

"Can't get hock here any more, sir." Kimpton was keeping it going.

"But great vintages after the last war. Maybe—" A hard tug at his elbow interrupted him. He looked back. Grainger (number Ten) had taken off the earphones and was making signs. He understood.

"Running in"—this with all the force of his lungs—"running in." He felt the dip and lurch of his heart. He saw the conversation wiped clean off the lips of Adams and Kimpton. Across the hole the others had taken notice. Faces had gone suddenly stiff. Among all the ten there was a slight shuffling and then a complete stillness. Against that stillness he heard the engine speed dropping, dropping, dropping.

A light winked by the hole. Then the voice of Kimpton bellowing: "Action stations, number One." And number One swung his legs over the hole and sat, half-on, half-over the edge. Never, thought the officer, had he seen any face so quiet, so impassive as number One's. Sims, of course. The one man who had no need to bury his head in escapist garrulity. And as his mind was recording Sims's impassiveness, Kimpton's voice came again: "Go!" Without a flicker, without any visible take-off, Sims was gone.

And now, along with the rest, he was shuffling sideways to the hole; his will seemed suspended; thighs and legs were leaden; they moved, it seemed to him, with infinite labour and not by his volition. He was mistily aware of bodies going down, straight and stiff; he knew a numbness in his wrists where he had pressed on them; and somewhere at the corner of consciousness he knew the "hanging" rattle, the quivering whip at that hole. But it was very quick. And now it was the man in front of him. Now his own legs were swinging over—oh! so heavily; he must swing high; he must avoid the dangling lines; now he was on the edge; he had lifted a little on his hands. And he was gone.

There was a sensation of great, sudden light—day after the twilight in the 'plane—and a roaring wind about back and shoulders. He was aware of legs flying loosely and of teeth clenched and bared in a skeleton grin. The wind was forcing water from his eyes and something (the earth) was wheeling vastly across his vision. Then the wind had vanished; he heard the 'plane droning, almost drowsily, far away; and he was swinging strongly, not unpleasantly, as in the meadow under the creaking oak, at home. All was coolness, calmness, detachment, and matter-of-fact control.

According to the rules he should reach up to hold the lines. He reached up. But the lines resisted his pull. He looked up. There was quite a twist in them. "So it *was* a bad exit," he told himself, altogether without alarm. "I must have stood on my head."

Twisted lines can be untwisted by kicking round in the contrary way. He began to do this and coolly, calmly he watched the lines unravelling above him—but better look down now. Yes, ground is near. Never mind those other twists. Get ready to land. Those twists may make it a hard one. But it's all right. I'm still swinging too much. How far am I? Forty feet—thirty feet? And the pleasant, green, grazed-over field came up to him; his feet bounced once unjarringly; he rolled over; the 'chute streamed over to his right, billowed out and he and it lay down.

As he stood up, self-released from the harness, he was laughing. "My God, how soft it was! And how ill I deserved it!"

There remained only the gentle, manual labour of rolling up the 'chute to carry it away. It was the most restful thing in the world: plaiting those fine, supple, silk lines over his hand, raising a casual eye over the autumnal, curving field to the little scattered figures who were working like himself, easily, happily and almost without reflection. This, he thought, is the perfect happiness of the perfect cow, chewing the perfect cud.

When he joined his group in the canteen, Kimpton, his smile unforced now, said to him: "Thanks for the wine, sir. It helped a lot."

He laughed. "Did it? It helped me. What about the others? They seemed to be chattering too—what about?"

Two had talked about swimming, three about Ginger Rogers; number Ten had been busy with the earphones and Sims had not been busy nor had he felt the need to talk.

James Monahan

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Leicester Galleries

It goes without saying that four-and-twenty recent paintings by Ivon Hitchens compose an exhibition of some importance; but it would be a mistake to expect anything as important as his exhibition in March, 1942. That was an event, because it revealed a surprising advance in the art of one of our best living painters. In this exhibition we see him exploiting his gains. What may appear to hasty critics an essential change in his style is probably no more than the symbol of a lucky change of circumstances—a studio better lighted or better heated, better weather or better health: we mean, of course, the brightening of his palette. Hitchens has been going gay; but he uses his gayer colours with his wonted tact and familiar power of expression. Probably what is worrying him most at the moment is the business of reconciling the facts of his vision with his imaginative interpretation. The problem seems to become particularly acute when the visual fact is a human being (e.g. a boy standing or sitting); and it seems that when he allows the facts to dictate the forms he is apt to lose grip of his design and make an unconvincing job of it. His happiest achievements are flower-pieces or such a picture as *The Blue Door*, a thing of exquisite beauty, in which he allows imagination to have it all its own way. We hope, and expect, that in a year or two Hitchens will give us another exhibition, comparable with that of 1942, in which we shall see his triumphant solutions of his present problems.

In the two front rooms is showing a collection of lithographs, woodcuts and etchings from the Sadler treasure. Most of these are by modern French masters, many are of the greatest beauty. As the exhibition closes on April 6th amateurs may be advised to make haste.

"A Murder for a Valentine," at the Lyric Theatre.

Rising from the piano in her pale blue bustle, Veronica accepts a birthday present from her banished lover; reunited, they bemoan the morbid house with the river running past its walls, the "association" between the shady Mr. Motford and Veronica's Aunt Delia. Then at a warning from the friendly maid the young man disappears, and in a moment there is Mr. Motford, jovially taking tea with the fluttered heroine, while Aunt Delia, between them, drums her fingers on a ravaged cheek. Soon after, we see the outline of the scheme against the girl. A suicide is to be staged, Veronica imprisoned in a secret room, and her money used to set up the sordid couple. Here is a promising beginning for a melodrama. The period detail is perfunctory ("Forget it!" someone says tersely in the inflection of to-day), but this would not matter very much if the story moved along. However, after the well-contrived opening the action drags and plausibility departs. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt knows all about these twisted females. Calamitous in her jet and crape, she dominates the scene, and if only the play hustled a little we would, for the requisite hour or so, believe in her. Mr. Malcolm Keen gives Mr. Motford a not-unlikeable ripeness, a commercial traveller's bonhomie. Mr. Julien Mitchell's detective, the only solid character, might well have walked Bow Street sometime in the eighteen-seventies, and the barristers in the trial scene have the eccentricity of a Dicky Doyle. But we are barely horrified; we can only remember that the author is at home in a happier land, where bedroom doors open on mock embarrassments, and the embers never cease to glow.

THE MOVIES

"The Song of Bernadette," at the New Gallery.

What are the excuses for a long film? The Civil War, it seems, Madame Curie and Edison, Mr. Hemingway, and now Lourdes. Everything about *The Song of Bernadette*, from an overshadowing *première* to a foreword on the screen, warns us that this is a big occasion. "For those who believe in God no explanation will be necessary; for those who do not believe none is possible"; so there for a start the audience is set on two sides of a fence. There are other fences. The Virgin Mary appears more than once in a guise that would do credit to a Pond's advertisement: the devout may not enjoy this any more than the sceptical. Then the story is plumped up with innumerable speaking parts, everyone says *Monsieur* and *Bonjour* in American, and the pear-blossom of the Bearn district finds an echo in the heavenly choirs that are reserved in other films for the end. The detail is shaky: "Psychiatry" makes its appearance in the middle of the last century, the camera swings towards the name of an alley venerably misspelt as "Les Petites Fossées." Worst of all, the film is long, slow, and alternates between tableaux and scenes in which the characters run like mad. All the way, so far, I find myself on the wrong side of the fence. On the other side is Jennifer Jones, a young actress who plays the part of a peasant saint with a very moving simplicity and charm. Her visions, her ill-health, her humble life at home and persecution by authority—all these she takes in her stride, and it is a tribute to her performance and to the skill of the director, Henry King, that we do not for a moment doubt the authenticity of this figure. The rest fit too obviously into a genre: the town council and the police (caricatured), the family (engraving). The girl herself, though, isn't given a halo, and in the circumstances that is a considerable achievement. Go, then, if you can brace yourself for 2½ hours that seem longer, and see Miss Jennifer Jones, who is new and good this time, whatever she may be next.

William Whitebait

Others Are Waiting!

The demand for this paper is far greater than the supplies available within our paper ration. Are you prepared to forward your copy when you have read it? If so, kindly let the Publisher know and he will put you in touch with a member of the Forces or some other person unable to obtain a copy.

Correspondence

AN ACT OF CORPORATE WORSHIP

Sir,—While fully appreciating Harold Laski's main intention in his criticism of the "act of corporate worship" in schools, and without endorsing certain extravagant assumptions in its defence, nevertheless I submit that underlying fundamental issues demand more adequate consideration.

Unless the school is to be taken simply as a brain-polishing establishment, then it has to deal not only with the rational but also the emotional needs of the child. In fact, indirectly at least the school does convey an ethical and cultural influence frequently as powerful as does the home, and often more so. The attitude of teachers, the stresses and interpretations given in and through the curriculum, the physical and psychological educational environment, all play a formative part. No vacuum can exist for long in the child mind, and inevitably some kind of direction is adopted and some scale of values absorbed. The question, therefore, is whether any direct and discriminating attempt should be made in the school collectively to nourish the emotional life and to inspire sound ethical appreciation. Should we aim deliberately at the cherishing of truth, beauty and righteousness by the new generation, or should we let it grope for these through many thickets and become bewildered in the process? If the former, then wherein lies the essential invalidity of a corporate act of worship?

If the criticism is of theological references it may be that the substitution of a purely humanistic faith is just as much open to criticism. There can be no "proof" that it is any more worthy of acceptance in a world of cruel frustration than when adorned with traditional garments. The cynic laughs at any faith and points to the big, beautiful bomb. Nor does a sultry contrast escape an intelligent young mind when it confronts the ingenious barbarism of our "real" world outside its school.

Mr. Laski's reference to penalites likely to be suffered in backward areas by teachers or children who exercise the legitimate right of withdrawal from corporate worship is lamentably possible. But that could be true even if all theological references were cast aside. I know a teacher who was dismissed for not standing at the singing of the National Anthem and this assuredly was not primarily out of regard for the opening word in the first sentence but its last! Such burdens are always the painful privilege of heretics.

I am inclined to believe that there is a value in an inspirational gathering within the school, despite dangers and difficulties, provided the ethical content is paramount. There are hymns and songs without theological reference or with a minimum that could only offend the pedantic. The example of true human heroism and emphasis on democratic virtues could do much in securing that the humanity of the future would learn that good will and not hate, ploughshares and turbines and not swords and bombs, are vital necessities in social fulfilment.

Reginald Sorensen

38 Woodside Park Avenue,
E.17.

FILMS

Sir,—Each week now I pick up the New Statesman eagerly to see what new misreading of your article "Films Across the Sea" has been contrived and embellished with what new mis-statement. Your article seemed to me a fair and realistic statement of the case. If it is impossible to return after the war to a system of free international trade, this country is bound to seek some trade agreement with America for the protection of the sterling exchange, and films as well as Scotch whisky and tweeds will be among the bargaining points. This makes an international fight over films a very delicate matter. Among the surprising statements which your correspondents have made two should not be allowed to pass unanswered. First, Mr. Frank Launder writes, "The average American film takes less than half as much at our box offices as the average British film." The truth is that to satisfy the British exhibitor's craze for a "double feature" programme the big American companies produce "B" (second feature) films, as well as "A" films, while British producers are now going all out for "A" films. Comparing like with like the average American "A" film takes more at the box office than the average British "A" film. This is not surprising seeing that the Americans have many more competent stars, producers, directors and writers to draw upon than we have. Next, Messrs. Boulting, Greenwood and Miles repeat the canard that since the unfreezing of American film revenues in Britain, no British film has been bought for American distribution. Now it is true that while their revenues were frozen, some American companies bought British films which they would otherwise not have handled. Since the unfreezing, British films have had to return to the normal test of acceptance in America which you touch upon in your article. That is, they must compete with the best American "A" films, not "B" films. In other words, they have had to be outstanding.

I understand that the American companies are delighted to see British capitalists setting up their own distributing organisations in America to sell British films. The American attitude is, naturally, "If you don't believe what we say come and try for yourself." Gaumont-British tried once before and failed.

Nicholas Davenport

THE FALLING BIRTH-RATE

Sir,—May I congratulate you on the publication of Dr. Geikie-Cobb's article on March 11th?

It might be helpful, however, to comment on one sentence which, as it stands, might cause apprehension among a section of your readers. This sentence implies that whereas contraceptive practices used for a short time "can do little permanent harm," the use of these measures over a number of years "is almost certain to lead to degenerative changes in the genital organs of the woman, and consequent sterility, or at least impairment of fertility." Without further explanation this statement might be taken that any or all types of contraceptive methods are *in themselves* harmful; and might well alarm a newly married couple who had decided—often for most serious and patriotic reasons—to delay starting their family until after the war. The real implication, I take it, is as follows: It is well known that the incidence of fertility in women (and possibly men) shows a steady decline from the early twenties onwards. This means that, although the chances of conception for any one healthy woman after say 35 or 40 are quite reasonably good, yet a thousand such women marrying—or leaving off contraceptives—at 35 would have a smaller chance of child-bearing than those at 20 or 25. This fall of fertility with advancing age implies progressive "degenerative changes" throughout child-bearing life, and the fact should certainly be borne in mind by couples who either plan to delay marriage, or to utilise contraceptive practices over a period of years.

In passing, one could mention two additional facts which it would be advantageous for the public to know more widely. One, that the *average* time taken for conception is about four months of married life (i.e. not one "last leave" before the Service husband is due to go abroad!) and the other that apparently some 10 per cent. of marriages (in European countries, at any rate) must be reckoned as barren. In the present state of our knowledge some 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. of these could be made fertile given adequate medical assistance.

The subject of infertility is one of great complexity, calling for a vast amount of study and research.

Medicus

THE VIRTUES OF EXAMINATION

Sir,—Mr. Curry, as he does not omit to remind us, is a teacher. I hope that he will not accuse me of *necessarily* attributing to him the proclivities of common-or-garden teachers, when I remind him in my turn of the well-known dichotomy between their public and private utterances on the nature of children. In the public utterances of teachers children are creatures of light and thirsters after knowledge, zealous, interesting and interested; listen to teachers saying in private what they really think and your impression will be—well, different.

But, accepting the fact that Mr. Curry is a teacher, I am surprised that he should be sufficiently a traditionalist in education to quote authorities at me. I am admonished with Whitehead and Russell who "actually conducted a school." I fail to see the relevance of Whitehead—who I should like to know was speaking of "undiscriminating discipline" which, I agree with Curry, dulls the mind? and though acknowledging the magic of Russell's name I cannot forbear to point out, (*a*) that it was only with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to keep his school going at all and that in the end he did not manage; and (*b*) that it was a common criticism of children educated there:

(i) that they did not know dull facts, e.g., irregular verbs;

(ii) that they had not the technique for acquiring such knowledge.

But, authority for authority, here is a Huxley (T. H.) for a Russell. "The most valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not." This, no doubt, embodies a different conception of education, yet who shall say that it has no value in the society to which children grow up? And surely it is with the contemporary world that we are dealing, a world in which irregular verbs and the multiplication table have to be known, if only in order to pass examinations to get jobs, and in which children have to be taught forty or fifty to a class.

Finally, the White Paper! Mr. Curry deduces from the fact that it prescribes education "suitable to the child's age and aptitudes"—when, by the way, was education ever *said* by those responsible for it to be *not* so suitable?—that children will, therefore, take to it like ducks to water. What ground is there for this deduction? We are speaking, let us remember, of most children, not of specially bright ones; we are speaking of all subjects, not of particularly interesting ones; we are assuming that even non-interesting subject matter, French Grammar, for example, and lists of weights and measures, is suitable and must be learnt. Right; then within the framework of these assumptions I put it on record that I have yet to meet a teacher who does not think that competition with other children helps, that examinations are a stimulus to effort and who could not back his opinion with the insistence that some incentive is desirable and that some degree of discipline must be exercised in order to subdue the untrained mind to the mastering of what is difficult and dull. Also, he would add, it is useful to acquire in early life the habit of such mastery which will serve us in good stead later on. This is all that I, too, am claiming. Do I take it that Mr. Curry denies it?

C. E. M. Joad

MR. BRACKEN AND ETHIOPIA

Sir,—I note the reference in your paper of March 18th in your column "Parliament," to the attack on *New Times and Ethiopia News* by Mr. Bracken, Minister of Information. As this may cause misunderstanding, I trust you will permit me the hospitality of your valuable columns to state that *New Times and Ethiopia News* is not an Ethiopian publication, but is published by English friends of Ethiopia. Since its first issue of May 5th, 1936, the date of the Italian entry into Addis Ababa, after the failure of Sanctions, it has defended these principles: That Ethiopia should recover all her pre-invasion territories, and in addition that the ex-Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somalia should be restored to their ancient motherland, Ethiopia. Annexed by Italy in the latter years of the nineteenth century, these have twice in a generation been used by Italy as bases of aggression.

New Times and Ethiopia News denies the charges of Mr. Bracken and Mr. Petherick; it has neither insulted British troops who liberated Ethiopia, nor suggested Ethiopia was liberated "solely by Ethiopian arms." It has paid tribute to the gallantry of British troops, but also to the bravery and perseverance of Ethiopian Forces. We greatly deprecate the association of the name of Goebbels with our paper, which has attacked the Fascists and Nazis from its first issue, and given a loyal support to Britain and the United Nations in their war effort.

E. Sylvia Pankhurst

New Times and Ethiopia News Editor.

CHINA AND THE MACHINE AGE

Sir,—I read Mr. Wellock's letter about my article on China and the Machine Age with deep interest. But I find it extremely difficult to reply. As it was a mere chip from the block for a much longer essay, my views on the machine were not fully expressed. But I cannot let the letter, which indicates much good will and earnest concern about the fate of China, pass without assuring Mr. Wellock that every sober Chinese is aware of the handicaps suffered by the West through their rapid adoption and full use of the machine. We have every wish to avoid them, but we do not wish to be scared off, which is altogether a different thing.

The task of combining your efficiency with our traditional poise has occupied the minds of the conscientious Chinese for nearly a century. We wish efficiency could be altogether ignored, but we have been repeatedly told by history that it simply cannot be done. The purpose of my original essay, which is coming out in book form soon, was to sound a double-edged warning. To my kindly intentioned British friends, I am all for shocking them with the inescapable reality that whatever happens, the post-war China is not likely to be built on marble balustrades with weeping willows swaying over the edge of their tiled eaves, as some of your and our fiction-writers are apt to lead us to believe; on the contrary, there is every probability of its being built in steel and cement. This is grim but true, in view of all the terrible lessons a tormented nation has learnt in the last hundred years. At the same time, I am anxious, as any one who loves China would be, to warn my country not to be too naïve about the Machine. In a way, even this is futile, for there have been incessant alarms sounded throughout the last few decades. Internally, perhaps, certain things have to be learnt by error—may they be as few as possible! Externally, unless Collective Security can really be secure, and Power Politics can cease to be the dominant note in international relations, the post-war world is not going to be as wise, tidy and rosy as we are sometimes told to believe. In which case, a tremendous amount of values may yet have to be sacrificed on the altar of National Defence.

Cambridge. Hsiao Ch'ien

ALUN LEWIS

Sir,—Sometimes a poet comes home to one in mystical or spiritual ways: but rarely so literally as the late Alun Lewis came home to me some months ago through one of his poems. I saw this poem in the New Statesman and Nation of September 4th, 1943, and copied it down, for it had been inspired at the very spot in Poona where my home had been for

FABER BOOKS

Fine Building
MAXWELL FRY
A reasoned, candid application of first principles to the art of domestic architecture and planning, by a leader of the younger school who has had practical pre-war experience. *With 57 photographs and 20 drawings and diagrams. 3rd April* 15/-

The Farming Ladder
GEORGE HENDERSON
One of the freshest, most arresting, practical farming books. Here is proof that the right type of man can farm, live a full life, and earn capital. *3rd April* 8/6

Old Wine
PHYLLIS BOTTOME
Miss Bottome's realistic novel is a curiously timely picture of how Austria broke in 1920 and rebuilt itself out of chaos against the Prussian spirit. *3rd April Re-issue* 8/6

The Luftwaffe
C. G. GREY
A picture of the German Air Force from its beginnings, through the present war. *With 56 illustrations* 8/6

★ *3rd printing ready shortly* ★

Why Was I Killed?

by

REX WARNER

'What is impressive is Mr. Warner's handling of the theme: his noble tolerance and his fairness.'

7s. 6d.

THE BODLEY HEAD

The Outstanding Novel of our Generation

FRANZ WERFEL'S

Song of Bernadette

100,000 copies printed of the English edition.

In U.S., where paper restrictions are less stringent, the sales approach one million.

8s. 6d. net

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

A. P. WAVELL

OTHER MEN'S FLOWERS

Apologies are made to those who have been disappointed in their efforts to buy this book. The first printing was sold out very soon after publication—the second impression will be in the shops as soon as possible, but owing to paper restrictions and manufacturing difficulties there may be some delay before these copies are available.

[10s 6d net]

JONATHAN CAPE

many years. The young soldier-poet whose death has cut short a future career full of promise as Rupert Brooke's wrote this poem at a military hospital next door and not fifty yards away from the bungalow where we lived. The poem evoked the whole vivid scene for me as we knew it, for our rambling red bungalow and the hospital next to us stand on slightly raised ground commanding an extensive view of a great rolling prairie, hot and dusty, excepting during the monsoon. Generations of British officers and soldiers will remember this *maidan* (which I have called a prairie) as the rifle-range of their and their fathers' days, since a large area has been adapted to serve as an excellent rifle-range. From our windows we have looked upon many military manœvres, amid the rattle of much firing, and seen the march past of unending columns of cavalry, infantry, light and heavy field artillery of many successive and famous British and Indian regiments.

Beyond the rifle-range stretches a low range of hills which assume an almost indigo blue in the monsoon: in sharp relief against this blue is the white ridge of building on a hill-top not quite three miles as the crow flew from our windows. This building encloses the Towers of Silence where the Parsees commit their dead to the vultures and the elements. All these high tones of the scene are pictorially and imaginatively recalled in the poem entitled "Poona Hospital." I quote the first verse.

The sun has sucked and beat the encircling hills
  Into gaunt skeletons; the sick men watch
Soft shadows warm these homes of rock,
  And the barefooted peasants winding back,
Sad withered loins in hanging dirty folds,
  Mute sweepings from the disappointed streets,
Old shrunken tribes the starving dusk enfolds;
  The wind sweeps up the rifle-range and blows
The Parsis' long white robes, there where they go
  Under the wheeling kites, bearing a corpse
To the high tower that the vultures know . . .

F. Kabraji

178, Regent's Park Road,
N.W.1.

RUSSIAN MATCHES

Sir,—Mr. Alfred Denville speaks the truth, but not the whole truth, when he says that the matches sold in India in the early '30s under the label of "Jesus Christ" matches, were Russian. It is true that they were but there can have been nothing offensive in the matches themselves, even to the most religiously disposed person. Such offence as there may have been lay in the labels, which were not Russian, but Indian.

The facts are that a large firm of distributors in India ordered a considerable quantity of matches from the U.S.S.R. to be delivered boxed, but unlabelled. The enterprising Indian merchant had them labelled in India in a variety of ways, each calculated to appeal to the believers in a different faith. Amongst the labels chosen was the Jesus Christ one.

The boxes thus labelled were no doubt purchased in great quantities by devout Indian Christians, and one can be pretty certain that both vendor and purchaser would have been horrified at the accusation of blasphemy hurled against them by Mr. Denville and his fellow anti-Soviet campaigners at the time.

There can be no doubt that the scares raised around these matches, "ticks in Russian butter" and similar fantasies in 1931, were completely irresponsible, and played a not inconsiderable part in keeping this country and the Soviet Union asunder at the time. But in those days feelings ran high. That Mr. Denville should at this late date still try to defend these scares is worse than irresponsible, and is not atoned for by the condescending statement "I am prepared to give them (the Russians) credit for what they are doing in this war."

R. Bishop,
Russia To-day Editor
150 Southampton Row, W.C.1

SOUTH KENSINGTON LABOUR

Sir,—With reference to the letter from Miss V. K. Langmaid appearing in your issue of March 25th, I beg to enclose copies of the correspondence between Miss Langmaid and myself.

Hon. Sec., S. J. Gee
South Kensington Labour Party.

To the Secretary, South Kensington Labour Party.

Dear Sir,—My sister and I are desirous of joining the South Kensington Labour Party and I shall be glad if you will send me the necessary forms, etc. I shall also be glad to hear of any meetings you are holding. V. Langmaid

Dear Misses Langmaid,—I thank you for your enquiry re membership of the Labour Party. I enclose application cards and call your attention to the enclosed statement re the implications of membership within the Labour Party. If, after you have examined same, you both feel you wish to join and accept the implications involved, I shall be glad to receive your cards duly filled up, and contributions at the rate of a minimum of 5*s*. per person per year. With regard to meetings, we are unable under present war conditions to hold any, but we attend the Central Conferences and meetings held by the Labour Party, the London Labour Party, the Women's Advisory Council and the Fabian lectures. S. J. Gee

[Mr. Gee appears to believe that the publication of this correspondence will refute the charge made by Miss Langmaid in these columns last week, that his reply to her application for membership raised obstacles rather than offered a welcome. Unfortunately, he omitted to send us a copy of the enclosure which he sent to Miss Langmaid with his letter and which was the main cause of her complaint. Miss Langmaid has sent us the enclosure. It corroborates her remarks. It begins by saying that Mr. Gee fears that Party application forms do not fully indicate the implications of membership and goes on to tell the applicant to beware of other organisations which may really be Communist cells. Common Wealth and the Women for Westminster Movement are also barred. "The position of Pacifists joining the Party now is subject to scrutiny." Mr. Gee concludes by believing that if "these implications of membership . . . are understood and honoured by individuals, persons can join the Party and strengthen it by their membership and work." His document speaks for itself.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND

Sir,—You over-estimate the intelligence of the Scots in the field of education when you state that there "all the teachers in elementary schools are graduates." There are in Scotland 29,014 teachers. Of that number 14,029—representing almost half the strength of the profession—are non-graduate women. These are the figures for 1938, the last year for which statistics are available. You have, perhaps, been misled by the fact, which is true, that *men* in Scotland who intend to teach must be graduates, unless they propose to teach such special subjects as Handwork, Music or Art.

H. M. Duffy

Elm Cottage,
Melrose, Roxburghshire.

B.U.S.

Sir,—I suggest that it will be an ironic ending to this war if we find that we have missed the Bus (Barlow, Uthwatt and Scott). R. T. Reed

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32*s*. 6*d*. Six months, 16*s*. 3d. Three months, 8*s* 6*d*. Only overseas subscriptions accepted at present, to start as soon as copies are available.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d

Why Don't We Learn From History?

B. H. LIDDELL HART

History, says Captain Liddell Hart, is not a specialist subject, but a corrective to all specialisation. It is no less than a record of man's steps and slips, and he suggests that a spirit of doubt is the best approach to historical enquiry.

And so he goes on to tell us what we actually learn from history: that democracy is far preferable to totalitarian systems; that international relations are governed by national interests and not by moral ideas; and so on. A little book full of provocative ideas and the sanity of wisdom.

P.E.N. Book. 2*s*. net
(*Ready on Tuesday*)

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Book Society Recommendation

SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

his autobiography

THE WAY OF A COUNTRYMAN

Book Society Recommendation

★ **F. L. GREEN** ★

a new novel

ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA

MICHAEL JOSEPH

A. J. MUNNINGS

P.R.A.

Pictures of Horses & English Life

The artist's own selection from his work, with an appreciation by LIONEL LINDSAY

20 plates in colour and 124 reproductions in half-tone.

55s. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

G. B. Shirlaw and L. E. Jones

YOU AND THE PEACE

"It is written, with point and humour, for the ordinary man. It underlines the supreme need *now* for every citizen of every free country to discuss the essentials for a lasting peace and the banishment of war." *Sphere.* "An admirable essay in the instruction of public opinion . . A brilliant book." *Evening Standard. Reprinting.* 6*s*.

***Macmillan** & Company, Ltd.*

BOOKS IN GENERAL

There are some writers (they are usually poets) whose views seem more fully justified by what happened after—sometimes long after—their death than by the state of affairs against which they actually inveighed. Of these Shelley is an obvious example. Europe, during and after the Napoleonic wars, was ethically a more tolerable place than it is now. Then, men did evil in plenty, bringing injustice and cruelty out of the usual weakness; but they at least knew that these things were vile. Now millions of pseudo-human beings sacrifice themselves—and, wherever possible, others—to Moloch. We have reached that nadir which Shelley imagined but never witnessed:

Alas! this is not what I thought life was.
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
Untouched by suffering, through the rugged glen.
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others. . .

His own experience of life revealed to him that the heart *can* die; such a vision, whether then or now, makes the seer or poet ashamed of his human heritage, and leads inevitably, if insensibly, to the death of the body, so that the spirit may live on undefiled by compromise. This is the triumph of life that Shelley celebrates in the poem which he left unfinished when he was drowned in the bay of Spezzia, that July day in 1822. The opening of the poem, after the introductory stanzas, draws a picture—magical as an image by Dante, though a great deal more elaborate—of those who are content to live on in the body after their hearts have died:

Methought I sate beside a public way
Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,
All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so
Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier;
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,
Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear,
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear;
And others, as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
And others mournfully within the gloom
Of their own shadow walked, and called it death,
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath:
But more, with motions which each other crossed,
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noonday æther lost,
Upon that path where flowers never grew—
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew
Out of their mossy cells forever burst;
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed
With overarching elms and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

Such realisations imply a fearful travail of spirit; and circumstances tend to govern the outcome. Shelley, in that summer of 1822, had come to an end, and knew it. He was unwilling to pursue his serious folly as of old, and it may well have been a sense that he was entering a new phase of his life—a sensation accompanied by a frightful experience of spiritual isolation—that made him say to Marianne Hunt, just before he ran to meet death: " If I die to-morrow, I have lived to be older than my father; I am ninety years of age." There is more here than the luxurious affectation of youth; but the only other persons, I believe, to realise the true state of affairs were Mary Shelley and Trelawny, to both of whom either love or hatred always lent perspicacity. Yet they were powerless to avert the disaster, for when the soul is bent upon oblivion, there is no way of preventing it. Shelley's death was to all intents and purposes a suicide. He chose death rather than to become involved in the thickets of despair. The manner of his death was tragically symbolic, since, on the whole, it is reserved for adults to die alone, and to be killed within sight and earshot of friends is essentially a child's death.

A child . . . The term is perhaps misleading, for it implies an absolute irresponsibility, and Shelley was only irresponsible where he and his were concerned. In this sphere his sense of reality was certainly at fault; but when his imagination was aroused on behalf of someone with whom he had no direct connection—Byron's daughter, Allegra, or Leigh Hunt—he showed himself capable of acting with spirit and thoroughness. His generosity was far from an unacted principle; and if it be urged that it was founded on a solid basis of money, one can only reply that open-handedness is not usually a virtue of the rich. There is a marked difference here between Shelley, who (for all his immaturity) had character, and Byron, who had only personality and was far too indolent and misanthropic to take the line not of least resistance. Only when Byron had come to the end of his tether did he cease for once to take the easiest way; and then the effort led him—as it had led Shelley, but by another path—to death.

It is to be remarked that Shelley's friends and contemporaries showed no resentment at the way he pushed them around. To posterity, no longer blinded by the dazzle of his presence, the most irritating of the many discords that sunder Shelley's character is that combination of wisdom and fecklessness which enabled him to have everything his own way. Seen from a distance, the un-unified character is bound to seem insincere. This is the price youth pays for its continuous ecstasy, never questioning the value of the sacrifice. To resolve internal contradictions seems to youth a betrayal: an elixir apparently inexhaustible is not worth husbanding. This makes young people—especially young men—dangerous; makes them ruthless as well as tender. So that poor Harriet Westbrook, shivering on the edge of the Serpentine in which she immediately afterwards drowned her griefs, doubtless saw the worst of her bad bargain. Shelley's treatment of this well-meaning girl, whose misfortune it was to be thoroughly commonplace, began in a thoughtless impulse and ended on a note of deplorable smugness. It was a very bad break. But nearly everyone " behaves badly" to *somebody* in the course of his life; we are all due for at least one bisque, and in Shelley's case the origin of the evil was good; which perhaps made it worse for Harriet, but better for Shelley's ultimate reputation. Sincerity is no substitute for talent or ability, but it is an admirable fuel to either. Innocence of heart, which is related to it, is almost equally inconvenient, and much more irresistible. Everyone envies it, wants it for his own, in proportion as he feels that he has eaten of the apple of knowledge. That is why, at the moment when Shelley's breast, lying amid the flames of the funeral pyre, burst asunder, Trelawny sprang forward to snatch the heart from burning (his own having died while he was still a boy). Some of the symbols of genius are difficult to recognise, but not, surely, this one. So near and yet so far. . . . It has never been satisfactorily determined whether or no Trelawny succeeded in saving the poet's heart from the fire; at all events he singed his own hand in the attempt, an experience shared by others who had come too close to Shelley in his life. " I always go on until I am stopped," he said once, adding: " And I never am stopped." There is bravado here, and a kind of frivolity—the slyness of a clever child that knows its own power. For Shelley knew, in some obscure sense, that as long as he held up his sorcerer's wand, the world would go as he wished. As is the way of genius, he affected everyone like music — put them into what is called a " state." This is sufficiently obvious in the records of those who met him; men as well as women succumbed to the spell with surprising abandonment; hard-boiled persons like Byron, Hogg and Trelawny, genial idiots like Medwin and Edward Williams, being more especially susceptible (then as now) to the magic of this particular music—the oboe melody of cardinal innocence, of transparent liberality. When the music ceased for a moment they were irked, but while it sounded its phrases gave an iridescent glow to the outlines of the world, transforming them according to the principles of white magic.

The dichotomies in Shelley's character are staggering, and would account, really, for more than is required to explain his failures and successes both as man and poet. Reckless and irresponsible in his own life, but helpful and above all *sensible* on behalf of others; vague and woolly in emotion, but hard and virile in mind; shrill and effeminate in appearance and manner, but physically very tough, in spite of " never feeling well "; shy and shrinking in company, but quite fearless when right and wrong were called in question: these are the contradictions he never attempted to resolve. In several of them one notices a startling resemblance to another poet of aristocratic birth who flourished (if that is the word) at the other end of the century—Swinburne. Further comparison leads only to reflections on the decay of the Liberal tradition—reflections which bear on Shelley's case only in so far as they reveal the extent to which he failed to reconcile the Paganism which he professed and the Christian ethics to which he in fact paid more than homage. This discrepancy is more important than the others I have mentioned, because it directly affected the poetry Shelley wrote. Here a comparison with Hölderlin becomes inevitable. The latter's *Hyperion* is a great deal more sentimental and (in spite of great incidental beauties) more intrinsically absurd than Shelley's *Hellas;* on the other hand, *Brot und Wein* is one of the most astonishing *tours de force* since *Lycidas*, while *Prometheus Unbound* cannot be considered more than a partial success. The Christian-Greek synthesis is one which has never been even approximately realised; its realisation would mean the millenium, and there is a dismal irony in the thought that it has been the great German poets—Schiller, Goethe, Hölderlin, George, Rilke—who have tried hardest to frame this ideal.

Shelley seems to have been on the whole unaware of the false position he had got into, though *The Triumph of Time* is some indication that he was moving out of adolescence at last. Where he would have arrived, had he lived, and what direction his poetry would have taken, it is useless to ask; but at any rate we need not doubt that some genuine development would have taken place. For, as I have said, Shelley had a hard, virile mind, and no fear of what it might discover. His old but singularly unfaithful friend, Jefferson Hogg, a cynic who despised all poetry (including Shakespeare), described Shelley as the acutest intellect he had ever met. And who that has read the *Defence of Poetry* will dismiss this claim as fantastic? That essay, it seems to me, has never been surpassed. It vindicates Shelley's claim to be a thinker as well as a visionary—a claim not substantiated by any of his poetry. A true romantic, he trusted that poor lunatic shut up in the garret of the imaginative faculty—Inspiration. No more fatal allurement ever lay in wait for any artist. To succumb means a lifetime devoted to improvisation—the art of hit or miss; and the eight hundred and seventy-two pages of Shelley's Collected Verse contain a great many more misses than hits. As a monument it is lamentable; but to consider it in this light is unfair. Like all improvisors (Beddoes is another example), Shelley, when not at his best, is simply negligible. Even at his best he is uneven, perverse. Very occasionally—in the *Cenci*, in parts of *Epipsychidion* and *Adonais* and *Prometheus Unbound*—his eloquence achieves a gusty splendour that is unique in his age. More often—in his shorter poems, in single lines and impassioned fragments—his poetry has the pure, astonishing beauty of natural objects—leaves, stones, flowers and streams.

Edward Sackville West

HIGH TENSION

On the Danger Line. By Georges Simenon. Trans. by Stuart Gilbert. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.
The Sea Eagle. By James Aldridge. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.
On the Edge of the Sea. By F. L. Green. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

The born novel-reader—born, I am sure, rather than made—has a temperament of his own. Prone, vegetative, inquiring; eager to daydream, but needing the excuse of other's lives; needing other people, other places, other times; credulous and warm-hearted; romantic, helplessly, yet always, when it comes to the point, squaring sentiment with convention and letting all events, with a sigh, slip into the past. Such, at least, seems the character, as one leans over a fellow-traveller in the Tube, to find him or her Going (but how slowly!) With the Wind.

Too many novels relax. Relaxation or tension, one of these two principles, is at work between every pair of covers, and my choice goes to the second, even at the sacrifice of solid qualities. It isn't easy to define just what one means by tension. On other levels, Donne's poetry has it and not Wordsworth's; Strindberg has it, Shaw hasn't. Obviously, in great poetry or drama, the lack of this quality is not crippling; but when we come to the novel, and especially the English novel, our scale of values alters. The form here, instead of being a refinement, expands, elaborates, sprawls at its author's will. Does the novelist want to harangue his audience? Then the dear reader must forget the story awhile and listen. Or, possibly, bee-keeping or Marxism seems to require elucidation; in it goes. Or the author keeps jumping in and out of his characters to let us know what they are thinking. What is to stop him? Not the reader, not the novel-form, only the novelist's sense of fitness; and unlimited power, as we have been told in another connection, makes for tyranny. The great novelists, with a very few exceptions, have been tyrants. Their opinions, their vanities, their garrulity, their determination to be Titans and to play hugely, have produced a race of bores. For the thin novelist tries to do the same. Hence relaxation. Hence the impatient reader's longing, if space were provided, to address the writer in turn: "Select, condense, unify, transform, or—I'm not really asking so much—by whatever means, *raise the tension.*"

The complaint must have filtered through, for, side by side with unwieldy romances, the most popular fiction to-day is the detective story. Very often it has tension and nothing else. Its products may not be for the most part admirable (there are ruts here of an inescapable kind), but at least it cuts some of the dead wood out of novel-writing: when Inspector Parsley goes to view the body the author hasn't time to take his hat off to the universe, and cross-examinations provide better dialogue than tender confidences. On the positive side, the appeal to fear is perhaps the most important discovery of the crime story.

One novelist has seen the possibilities—tension of phrase, tension of action—and realised it with genius. Simenon is an extraordinary product of our times. A stylist (one could spot a page of his anywhere), but the style is in the material of his books. Streets, landscapes, interiors reel by without intrusion from the writer, without trace of a literary manner. He faces his characters close-up, like the camera. He never worries them, never expatiates, never thumps. So self-denying and impartial is the attitude that we can only guess at feelings of anger, pity or love in the author. All his passion is directed towards seizing with the five senses a character or a scene and, like the camera again, he is concerned with action. It may be the tiniest of actions—a fly crawling over a loaf in a room where a man lies dying, an old woman at night pausing in a corridor to listen for the catch; or it may be a scene of violence. What signifies is the continuity of such actions, great and small. Nothing in a Simenon novel is incidental; everything, as in a complex piece of machinery, moves in its own way and at its own speed to accomplish a common end. The "running" is as a rule faultless, and nearly all his stories are designed to accomplish a single mounting movement and then resolve. How uncannily Simenon engineers such a movement the reader of *On the Danger Line* can test for himself. As usual, two novels are included. The first describes the homecoming of a seedy adventurer to the provincial town of his birth; he brings a tart with him, struts and slinks for a while, makes a "solid" marriage with an old friend of his schooldays, and then, the whole rickety pretence collapsing, turns round on the tart and shoots her lover. Nine-tenths of the story—the futile attempt of a minor crook to creep back into his childhood—is brilliantly done. The end comes, I think, a little too abruptly; Simenon here overreaches himself by not elucidating quite enough. Inevitability again, his strong point, is just lacking from the second novel *The Green Thermos.* Here, the central character is a middle-aged, protective anarchist who goes to Paris in order to thwart a bombing outrage on which his fellow anarchists have decided. The story resolves itself into the delineation of a stretch of the Seine between Courbevoie and Neuilly, and so exact and vivid is the picture, that I now know this quayside better than many that I have myself visited in Paris. It would be hard to overpraise this long, evocative piece of description; like all such scenes in Simenon, it is never static but moves with revelation after revelation towards a climax, when the police are posted in every bistro and on every corner. If one feels at all let down by the end of the story, with the dynamite flask dropped in the river and the adherent of non-violence returning to the bosom of his family, it is only by comparison with Simenon's own highest level.

A degree of tension, though by more questionable and mannered means, is attained in *The Sea Eagle.* The edge given in peacetime to commonplace lives by crime or neurosis touches everyone at war, and this story of survivors in Crete after its capture by the Germans begins with a frightening authenticity. Two Australians, lurking in the mountains, have to come down to the valley in search of food and a boat. The landscape, the characters of the two men, are thrown into relief by fear, and for a hundred pages or so every stone kicked down a slope or figure seen walking along a road afflicts us with uncertainty. The vividness tends after that to blur, not because the incidents are any less real, but because the Hemingway style of the author gets in the way. The dog-English of the Cretans slips over into the descriptions, there is too much bravado to the page, and the false touches of epic grow more frequent. But Mr. Aldridge has a talent.

To return to the alarums of peace, the plot of Mr. F. L. Green's new novel is so intrinsically unreal that no amount of realism could make it convincing. The German underground movement, on the eve of the war, plans to assassinate Hitler. Instead of doing it themselves they will pay £12,000 to a business man in the North of England to arrange it for them. Strange negotiation! But it serves to keep the scene in England and to make the Gestapo lurk in cheap hotels and saloons. The plot is worked out with some agreeable thrills and local colour, but it lacks, fatally, the tension I have been hinting at.

G. W. Stonier

Hitler's
GENERALS

By W. E. HART

Fritsch · Rundstedt · Keitel
Rommel · Milch · Brauchitsch
Bock · Raeder · Doenitz

Intimate, occasionally sensational, but always accurate, studies of Germany's most important Army and Naval leaders, by a former Reichswehr Officer who knew many of them personally.

8s. 6d. net

Cresset Press

THREE RUSSIAN PROPHETS
Khomiakov - Dostoevsky - Soloviev
By NICOLAS ZERNOV
Illustrated 8s. 6d. net

After centuries of isolation Russia stands to-day at the centre of the clash of ideas as well as of arms. These three great writers are interpreting not only Russia, but also the nature and destiny of man.

MAN AND LITERATURE
By NORMAN NICHOLSON
Second Edition 10s. 6d. net

"His book is essentially a criticism of life through literature. As such it is legitimate, though viewed merely from a literary angle it is often much too summary. But at a time when more than ever perhaps men need to build up a faith on true foundations, so clarifying an inquiry is of particular value."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

WHAT DO CHRISTIANS STAND FOR IN THE SECULAR WORLD
By WILLIAM TEMPLE
Second Edition 6d. net

An important pronouncement by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Write for new Spring List

S.C.M. PRESS LTD.
56 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

Towards the New Italy
by T. L. GARDINI
With a Preface by H. G. WELLS

"Just the kind of book which should stimulate the public interest regarding Italy, and bring more clearly before it the true nature of the Italian problem. The work has a real educative value."
SPECTATOR.

"Much the fullest account yet published of Allied policy in Italy . . . . it should be carefully studied and kept by one for reference." NEW STATESMAN.

9s. 6d.

Stepping Stones to Peace
by FELIX LANGER

"A very interesting contribution to the problem of world reconstruction. . . . *A first-rate book.*" H. G. WELLS.

". . . a book which is very far from being just another book on what to do with the Nazis. . . . . a stimulating and invaluable piece of work." STORM JAMESON.

10s. 6d.

Lindsay Drummond Ltd.

Author of "Little China"
ALAN HOUGHTON
BRODRICK
PARTS of BARBARY

North Africa is so much in the public eye at the present time, that this entertaining account will be welcomed. This is a book for the intelligent reader, and is extremely good entertainment as well. With 15 illustrations.

Ready Thursday 21/-

The
DESK DRAWER
ANTHOLOGY
Compiled by
A. ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH
and THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A unique collection of nearly 400 selections from more than 40,000 old favourites submitted in answer to **Alexander Woolcott's** radio request for the clippings that have been treasured by thousands of lovers of poetry.

Ready Thursday 8/6

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd
Largest of Book Publishers

CHINA

The Voice of China. Speeches of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. December 7, 1941, to October 10, 1943. *Hutchinson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Battle Hymn of China. By AGNES SMEDLEY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These two books should be read together. *The Voice of China*, an official publication, is a cold document, usefully reminding us, through the voices of the President of the Chinese Republic and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, of the policy they have pursued since December 7th, 1941, when Japan forced Britain and America to take China as an ally. Behind those impersonal phrases lies the suffering, the poverty, the bravery, and the fierce political struggle which are the daily realities of the Chinese scene. These are the themes of Miss Agnes Smedley's book, *Battle Hymn of China*.

Miss Smedley entered Manchuria in 1928. She worked with Lu Hsun and Mao Tun, two of the most famous modern writers; she describes their bitter grief in the days when young intellectuals were tortured and killed because they were suspected of "dangerous thoughts." From 1936 onwards she had the good journalistic fortune to be in the middle of every big news story. When Chiang Kai-shek was captured in Sian, she was there, and when she read the famous eight demands she knew that China had entered a new political phase in her history. She was right; this was the beginning of the united front which has been the basis of Chinese resistance. Later on when she spent some months in Yenan, she heard Mao Tse-tung give a report to the Communist Party members in which he concluded that democracy was the most important condition of successful armed resistance to Japan.

That conclusion is just as true to-day, and although China's strategic deterioration and her economic crisis have helped to deepen the political struggle, the need for democratic rights has been recognised by some, at any rate, of China's leaders. One of the speeches in *The Voice of China*—made by the Generalissimo to the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang last September—includes this important pronouncement: "My personal opinion is that after the institution of Constitutional Government, our Party should be on an equal footing with other Parties, and should enjoy equal treatment from the State under the principles of freedom of assembly, organisation, speech and publication in accordance with the law."

On the fulfilment of such a programme, the future of the democratic struggle in China will be focused. Meanwhile, the war goes on, and China suffers more privations, more starvation as a member of the United Nations than she did when she fought alone. Some idea of the depths which human endurance may plumb, can be gathered from Miss Smedley's terrible stories; and it must be remembered that the situation to-day is far, far worse. To the shortage of trained doctors and nurses, and the general backwardness of social hygiene throughout the country, we must now add the appalling shortage of drugs, the famine in vast areas, the inflation and in some cases the moral disintegration which leads to corruption. These are the "few selfish degenerates" as they are called in Chiang Kai-shek's book, and the Chungking Government would be strengthening its own position, as well as undermining current whispering campaigns directed against aid to China, if those who are guilty in high circles were removed.

Miss Smedley, wandering about as few journalists have been able to do, reserves her bitterest comments for those officials who cheat the peasant and the soldier. In one of her most vivid stories, a soldier, angered by the sufferings of his companions who are the victims of such cheating, takes the situation into his own hands and shoots the company commander and the doctor. Then a group of young soldiers decided that if supplies were controlled by committees of convalescing soldiers, an honest distribution would be assured. Miss Smedley writes with great enthusiasm of the work of Dr. Robert Lim, Surgeon-General Loo Chih-liu who have built up the Army Medical Administration, and Dr. P. Z. King who has formed a network of free medical clinics throughout Free China. Their lack of equipment was brought home to Agnes Smedley when she subsequently returned to Hong Kong and found an ordinary pharmacy "stocked with far more medical supplies" than she had seen "in any Chinese army on the whole front." This was only one of the many things which made her bitter in the pre-war Hong Kong days of December, 1941. One Japanese naval officer remarked "that it would not be necessary to fight for Hong Kong, because it would merely fall into Japan's lap 'like a rotten fruit'." The British were spending tens of millions of pounds on the defences and on new military highways, but the Japanese knew every gun emplacement and ammunition dump. The blow fell on December 7, 1941, by which time Miss Smedley was back home.

Since the fall of Burma, China's suffering has grown greater than ever before. To hunger and famine among civilians must now be added the swift deterioration of the condition of the Army, inflation on a scale comparable with that of the worst days in Germany. The responsibility for this crisis in Chinese affairs rests in part with the Allied Nations, especially Great Britain and the United States. Their leaders talk of China as an Ally and treat her worse than an embarrassing poor relation. They end Unequal Treaties and then their big business friends settle down to think of financing industries which will bring them a quick return and of developing markets which will provide a boom in the difficult days after the war. Meanwhile, every excuse is made for the failure to supply the people and the Army with drugs which are desperately needed; charity is a convenient alibi for those whose minds are rigidly fixed on the good old days when the Chinese coolie pulled them round in their rickshaws as docile as a mule, and much cheaper.

China is facing the most difficult crisis in modern times, but for the first time in her long history, her problems are interwoven with the Western nations. If we fail to understand them and to live up to a responsibility which is unquestionably ours, millions of people throughout Asia will know for certain what they already suspect—that talk of equality is hypocrisy and a convenient slogan coined at a time when Japan had smashed her way through all our defences.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

A POET'S FATHER

J. B. Yeats; Letters to His Son, W. B. Yeats, and Others. Edited by JOSEPH HONE. *Faber.* 16*s.*

There are two kinds of letter writing, as there are two kinds of talk, the anecdotal and the collaboratory. The anecdotal in conversation need not be so boring as it often proves in bars and billiards rooms; and in letters it has a good chance of immortality since gossip is the raw stuff of history. But the dangers of boredom haunt it, just because the anecdotist is not a co-operator; all he needs is an ear and he is not commonly discriminating. There are some people who are able to leave letters unread, but how many, exposed to "Have you heard this one?" are tough enough to prevent it with a firm affirmative? The collaboratory, on the other hand, in letters or talk is properly a matter of interchange,

YOUR MIND
AND
HOW TO USE IT

By W. J. Ennever in association with T. Sharpe Knowlson.
A complete course of self-instruction. 5/6
Deals with all essential mental needs. It offers a plan by world-famous experts for developing a trained mind at a fraction of the usual cost.

PUT ON YOUR THINKING CAP
By T. Sharper Knowlson. 5/6
Designed to create and stimulate thought, and to suggest directions in which reflection may be pursued. Subjects covered include Psychology, Literature, Philosophy, Ethics, Science, etc., etc. A book which every thinking person will enjoy.

MEMORY EFFICIENCY AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT
By J. Louis Orton. 5/6
This book tells how to acquire a photographic memory. In mastering its contents, doubt, indecision, and fear disappear. Inferiority complex is conquered by a confidence based upon the firm foundation of a well-trained mind.

HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE
By Jas. C. Thomson. 5/6
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained by this new book.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES
(including test card). By H. Benjamin. 5/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers.

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR
By J. C. Thomson. 1/6
Giving details of home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorder, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.

Prices include postage. Obtainable through Booksellers or direct from:
THORSONS, Publishers, LTD.,
Dept. 169, 91, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue on request. Enclose stamps.

Liverishness

Liverishness attacks the man who lacks a gentle, regular movement of the bowels. Plain but true! Beecham's Pills are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Make it your golden rule of health to take them and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

SPA TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

Spa treatment for Rheumatism has been recognised for many years as one of the most satisfactory methods of combating this insidious disease. Even a mild attack means pain and reduced working capacity, and you should act *at once* before Rheumatism gets a stranglehold on your system. To-day, a course of treatment at a Spa is out of the question for most people, as neither time nor money can be spared. 'Alkia' Saltrates, however, may be described as a Spa treatment in your own home. It has the essential medicinal properties of seven world-famous Spas and similar beneficial effects as a course of drinking the Spa waters. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning will soon relieve the pain, and, taken regularly, dissolves impurities in the blood stream and eliminates them from the system, thus helping to prevent regular attacks of Rheumatism. A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9*d.*, including Purchase Tax. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist and begin your Spa treatment to-morrow morning.

'ALKIA' SALTRATES

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

20 *for* 2/8

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

PT. 211

it creates as it goes along. This may be rare in talk, for "good talkers" too often have a marked preference for monologue. But it is the best kind, and letters of this class are really continuations of talks with a particular person. They are addressed not indiscriminately but with an image of the recipient in the writer's mind.

Those who share a preference for this kind of letter will, if they also have an interest in the working of artists' minds, find the letters of J. B. Yeats fascinating. A large proportion are addressed to the poet W. B. Yeats, father and son sharing a common cast of thought, and the letters have the quality of being week by week additions to a conversation never completely wound up. J. B. Yeats was himself a portrait painter, writer, talker, lecturer and an Irishman. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1866, but did not practice; at the age of 27 he gave up the law and from then on his life was devoted to painting—in London, Ireland and finally America, where he went on a visit in 1908 and stayed until he died in 1922.

The father of a famous son may lie under the same sorts of disadvantage as the son of a famous father. J. B. Yeats was perfectly capable of making his mark in his own right. He was a good painter, and he was considered by many (G. K. Chesterton among them) to be the best talker of his time. But his son's fame did help to launch him in America, and he accepted it with the same generosity with which he accepted his son's contributions in money. Indeed, the relations between them seem to undergo a curious kind of reversal, and the father's letters read much more like a son's, the son's like a father's. The illusion is helped by the fact that he never seemed to cease growing—which was how he defined happiness:

> And happiness . . . what is it? I say it is neither virtue nor pleasure, not this thing or that, but simply *growth*. We are happy when we are growing. It is the primal law of all nature and the universe, and literature and art are the cosmic movement working in the conscious mind.

In a letter to his father, W. B. Yeats said that he had often felt that he and his father were in telepathic communication; and it is this closeness of sympathy which gives the quality of exchange in these letters. The transition from belief in telepathy to belief in magic and Madam Blavatsky was one which the father, unlike the son, did not make. But J. B. Yeats had from childhood encouraged the temper of mind in which it was possible. He was on the side always of imagination and the emotions against the intellect, of Blake against Newton, and the development and amplification of this theory, emerging in its final form as a defence of Personality against the Will, can be traced throughout his life; it is the centre from which observations, reflections, literary criticisms interestingly emerge:

> In England character always means a man in whom the will power is predominant . . . Had Shakespeare possessed a strong will power or an admiration for it, he would have gone over like Browning and Wordsworth to the side of the authorities and preceptors instead of remaining as he did with the aristocratic publicans and sinners. As you know, he often speaks of doom and punishment but always as if he were a sinner whose feelings are with his fellow sinners. A schoolmaster might know his schoolboys very well, yet he could not know them or write about them as it would be done by one of themselves . . . My complaint is that all literature has gone over to the side of the schoolmasters and that it used to be carried on by the boys themselves. . . .

The complaint is, I think, a just one; the literature of the 'thirties suffered badly from the scolding note which marks the perfectionist or the planner who knows all the answers. J. B. Yeats brought his son up in an opposite climate, a climate in which such remarks of his as "Poetry is written not by the intellect, but by the clairvoyant faculty," or "Poetry concerns itself with the creation of paradises" would not be misunderstood. "Character is the Ash of personality," W. B. Yeats wrote back in answer to the letter from which this quotation comes, and his father was delighted with the phrase; it set him exploring what he meant by Personality and subsequent letters trace the path of his search. He was still worrying at it in his last letters, and perhaps the nearest he got was:

> Personality in final analysis is love . . . this modern development of intellect and the moral nature has left us a loveless people. We may admire or respect each other—we cannot love. No woman ever loved her husband for his intellect or his admirable principles—or friend his friend—love is the instinctive movement of personality.

Readers of Yeats' poetry will, then, find a great deal to interest them in these letters, for they will help to explain the mental atmosphere in which the poet was brought up; but the letters as a whole are less specialised than this account perhaps suggests. They are full of delightful comments, theories and stories, and reflect an abundantly lively, virile, interested mind. Here, for instance, are the reactions of a confirmed old artist to war:

> I am living as we all are in a house chronically on fire, and the firemen are here, and because they are risking their lives for me very profusely I am expected to put up with their domineering ways and brutal manners—I want to live and they are ready to die for me—so I must submit and that I may live at all must give up everything that makes life worth living. That is how war appears to me; I praise the firemen and hymn their valour just to encourage them and keep them going—I even tell them that war is a good thing in itself and that we shall all be the better for it. *But I don't believe it.*

And I will conclude with his advice to his other son, the painter, given towards the end of his life:

> I failed because I worked too hard. I let myself be driven by the foul witch, a guilty conscience, which is only another name for Fear who is the demon of life . . . Since I came to New York I have taken things easily, never worked at anything a moment longer than I was interested in it, that is the secret—never interest yourself in anything you don't care about. This is not the rule for conduct, but it is the rule for art and for artists in their work.

T. C. WORSLEY

IN AT ONE EAR . . .

Christopher Columbus. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber.* 6s.

Here is the script of Mr. MacNeice's radio drama, *Columbus*, together with a very valuable introduction by the author. Every writer who is interested in radio as a popular art form, or indeed as a new kind of feature journalism, ought to read both the play and Mr. MacNeice's comments on it. They are clear-headed, pointed, objective, and much can be learned from them. It is a great pity that other scripts of the *Columbus* standing are not available in book form—I am thinking especially of Mr. Edward Sackville West's magnificent and ambitious experiment, *The Rescue*—for one is allowed to hear such works only once, or twice at the most, and neither critic nor public has a real chance of digesting and appreciating them. It is absurd that they should be in at one ear and out at the other. I do not know why such works are hidden away. They are long, it is true. But millions of listeners hear the same music over and over again. Why not *Columbus* and *The Rescue*? The real answer is that the B.B.C. feels far more responsibility to its public than to the arts it serves, though in radio drama the B.B.C. is an originator, not an intermediary. It has a responsibility to its own new art. One can imagine an invaluable repertory of the distinguished and less ephemeral things of the radio, a repertory whose performance did not depend on the votes of a Gallup Poll which tells one nothing of the quality and value of listening. Lacking this the radio drama is as trivial as a telephone call.

Perhaps it must be. Perhaps all the hopes and theories that have come out of the radio drama have the horrors of post-war television hanging over them. What looks like a new art form may be as transient as the silent cinema was. The hope for it is well expressed by Mr. MacNeice when he describes the conditions of broadcastin and listening. There is a revival of the or tradition and "this is how literature began—th Homeric or Icelandic bard shouting over th clamour of the banquet, the 'tale told in th chimney corner' while tankards clatter an infants squawl, and somebody makes up the fi and old men snore and cough." Literature h drained off the sound of the human voice fro the printed word; the radio puts the voice bac Into the veins of language the blood flows onc more, stale words lose their pallor and eve clichés recover something of the original proverb like intent. The chorus and the soliloquy hav returned. Those are the gains; the losses to must also be noted. Subtleties and profusion of language, everything that is literary in th good and the bad sense, are lost. Complexit of character-drawing and situation go too The writer is confined to what a simple man ca at once understand; and the sight of gesture i not there to help the word.

That the standard set by the simple man o popular taste need not be a low one, and indee need never be vulgar, is undoubtedly tru The documentary film and the radio have bot shown that in acting, for example, the "re people" are never phoney, even though the are often inadequate. They have not bee spoiled by bad conventions. As for the taste o ordinary people, the truth about them is (a Mr. MacNeice says) that they can easily b conditioned to admire or reject what is vulgar an emotionally false. The radio may have its ow corny tradition with its tiresome reliance o effects and automatic declamations; but wha can be done, on a very high level, with the simpl and popular was brilliantly shown in Mr MacNeice's own adaptation of *The Noseba* a Russian folk tale. The radio is the perfec medium for the warmth, the nearness, th simplicity and the quick instinctive movemen of the folk story and folk ballad.

And this brings me to *Columbus*. *Columbu* was not really a drama, in which one saw th posing and solving of a conflict. It was a dramatic statement. It was an historic pageant in sound. And my recollection of it—a recollection confirmed by reading—is that its mos dramatic moments were, oddly enough, in th narrative passages (notably in the triumphan scenes at Granada, and in the extracts from th log of Columbus), in the choruses of Doubt and Faith and in the singularly beautiful songs. Th ear finds it hard to single out more than two or a most three speakers at a time in a radio play and one is impatient with dialogue which ha been used to break up the role of the narrator It may be a prejudice of mine, but I incline now away from the cinematic technique which radio writers have used so ingeniously, and towards a more massive method. I begin to doub whether several scenes of realistic dialogue should follow one another. In this respect *Columbus* was more adroit than *The Rescue*, but I believe that the more literary *Rescue* gained by its massiveness. And I think *Columbus* is more effective where it is stylised and less so where it comes closest to realism. Where *Columbus* is surpassingly successful—and this has always been true of the best of MacNeice's programmes—is in the grace and order of its continuity. He is as quick as a pianist and is never heavy on the pedal. The allusion is never slap-dash, the transitions are clean, and the progress always economical. I would put economy of means as the highest virtue of the radio dramatist. By economy he slips past the banalities of realism which are even more painful on the air than on the stage. The failure to observe economy in the recent broadcast of *The Blind* turned what seemed like the perfect radio play into a long-drawn-out dirge. I repeat that we are badly in need of the text of *The Rescue* and Mr. Edward Sackville West's comments on it. *Columbus* and *The Rescue* made the claims of radio serious and impressive.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Week-end Competitions

No. 739

t by **Thomas Smallbones**

Competitors are invited to compose " epigrams," in Greek Anthology sense, on English domestic mes. They must be in verse of four or six lines. a reminder of a Greek epigram I quote a prose sion by Forrest Reid:

"These toys of his boyhood—his lucky ball, his sy boxwood rattle, the knuckle-bones he loved, the he span—Philokles hangs up here as gifts to rmes." Entries by Monday, April 10th.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 736

t by **G. W. Stonier**

In last week's *Times Literary Supplement* there ppeared the following advertisement:

Quoth Andrew Mac (frae North o' Tweed):
Nae doot, like me, you like to read
The latest books, and yet forbye
Save siller too? Then you must aye
Buy only what is *worth* your cash,
And leave to ither folk the trash!
Och aye, you say—but how to choose?
Well, read *John Betjeman's* reviews!
A simple tip, yet you will be
Well-read *and* thrifty, mon—like me!
For lively Book-Reviews
John Betjeman
in the
DAILY HERALD

Competitors are asked to supply advertisements, in prose or verse, for other well-known critics of literature and the arts, in whatever style seems most suitable.

port by G. W. Stonier

Most of the critics whose names you know have en the gainers, or butts, of this competition. I n't know if they would all appreciate the particular lines" their publicists have chosen for them. Mr. or Brown, for example, advances winningly as the ly surviving exponent of the Pun (" so don't miss ur brown studies in the *Observer*"); Mr. Agate heard repeating that it's unnecessary to read a book order to review it, to which the corollary is that it's necessary to read a book, anyway; Professor Laski, that deep voice of his, announces "Magistral views for libertarians"; Mr. MacCarthy's headline "I was the Friend of Henry James"; Mr. hmann invites each one of us to become an Armoured Reader," and Mr. Connolly draws attenon to his Fashion Notes (" high hats will be worn this summer, and don't forget to lay in some warm Koestlers for the autumn"); Mr. Mortimer offers an alternative to *Horizon* wear:

Is your Zola rather frail?
How's your Balzac? Is it pale?
Mortimer is chic, unique,
If it's culture that you seek.

G. de V.

While for Mr. Stonier, I am sorry to say, the operative rhymes are " bonier " and " phonier."

The winning critic, both for popularity and unpopularity, is Mr. James Agate. Some like his bounce, some don't; some find his scissors and paste inimitable; others question his French. E. Douglas Green strikes the mean with his:

Within the SUNDAY TIMES (page 2)
JAMES AGATE'S confident review
Tells the reader how to know
First the critic—then the show.

Good entries from William Bliss, Leslie Johnson, Stanley J. Sharpless, G. de V., Towanbucket. The first prize of two guineas must go to F.C.C. for the advertisement of ourselves, despite more bouquets than barbs; and a second prize of 14*s*. each to I. C. Saul, Richard Pomfret and F. Y.

FIRST PRIZE

Have you a brain? An ear? An eye?
Why then, the new *New Statesman* buy!

Come hear what famous men take part in
The gallant ship of *Kingsley Martin*.
(A chief who flies through storm and stress
The flag of Higher Grouchiness.)

Here's *Pritchett*, some have even thought him a
Profounder mind than *Raymond Mortimer*.
Wise, genial *Desmond*, airy *Clive*,
Are here, and very much alive.

Here, on the Correspondence page
You may be *Joaded* into rage,
Or read the words of timeless swells
Like *Bernard Shaw* and *H. G. Wells*.

What prose more elegant and bonier
Than written here by *Mr. Stonier*?
Whilst, for our music we are blessed
With *Mr. Edward Sackville West*.

For satire, pink and prompt and various
Here is the pen of *Sagittarius*;
And still more valued, far more shy
The delicate quill of dear *Y.Y.*

In Competitions you may be
Out-shone by *Laing* and * * *.
But, O you highbrows, what a rest
To trust a crew where each knows best.

Come! let us send you what you seek
From *Ten Great Turnstile* once a week.

F. C. C.

SECOND PRIZES

I, CYRIL EDWIN MITCHINSON JOAD,
Have travelled Knowledge's ev'ry road.
Note, Readers—and Editors—I am the one
For Reviews on—oh, anything under the sun. . . .

Poets? French, German, Russian, Latin, Greek,
Don't be an indiscriminate devourer.
Let Wit and Learning guide you week by week:
Read the Reviews of CECIL MAURICE
BOWRA. . . .

LASKI
Is not the same as Askey:
Askey Revues for " Stinker "—
LASKI Reviews for Thinker. . . .

I. C. Saul

When Agate first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the Irwell plain,
The Gods all took him by the hand
And cried, " Go, James, and forthwith reign
As King of Gusto, Prince of Wit!"
Quoth James, " *Oui, oui*, I'll be *un* crit!"
And straightway filling up his pen
He laid about him good and plen.
His Ego, bursting at the seams,
He interwove in all the reams
He wrote on drama, films, and books;
And as his fond familiar spooks
He called up Sarah, fizz, and hacks
To prove that whites are often blacks.
And if—a very dubious if—
There's anyone who needs the griff
To tell him where stout James displays
The glories of the pungent phrase,
The *D. Express*, the *Sunday Times*
Will lead him to the Egote climes.

Richard Pomfret

ADVERTISEMENT OF A CRITIC

Are you a sensitised plate?
Do you believe in conductors' readings?
Do you think singers have any intelligence?
Do you consider that music is intended to be heard rather than read?
Are you allergic to Wagner?
Have you ever seen a lissom diva?

If so, be a new man and consult
NEWMAN IN THE SUNDAY TIMES.

F. Y.

RITISH TYRE & RUBBER
DIVIDEND MAINTAINED

The annual general meeting of British yre & Rubber Company Limited was held Tuesday in London. Sir Walrond Sinclair, B.E., the chairman, presided.

The following is an extract from the tatement by the chairman circulated with e report and accounts:—

The net profit (subject to income tax) mounts to £200,968, against £204,115 last ear. In both years the main governing actor was the Excess Profits Tax standard. he large assessments of E.P.T. so far uffered provide a considerable potential ainst the possibility of lean years during e currency of the tax. After the necesry appropriations of the net profit, chief which is for income tax, the directors ve devoted £50,000 to strengthen still rther the company's resources.

The distribution to the Ordinary shareolders is again 11 per cent. As this year rovision is made for the full year's divinds, the carry-forward of £74,408, which £1,970 higher than last year, appears on e balance sheet. The land, buildings, ant, machinery reflect the deduction of e accumulated provision for depreciation, 72,148, including the new provision for ecial depreciation, £12,500.

The item shares in subsidiary companies, 15,593, produced during the year under review net dividends of 4.06 per cent., after llowing for E.P.T. and income tax.

The provision for contingencies, which cludes future taxation, reflects a closer istribution between current and future xation, after adjustments of previous proisions have been made.

The current year, in so far as volume of usiness is concerned, is running well to erage, and although full consideration ust be allowed for the uncertainties incintal to wartime conditions, the general tlook can be regarded with a reasonable gree of confidence. The report was adopted.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

FOR short visit to London stay at 58 Upper Berkeley St., W.1, from 15*s*. per night.

KINGSLEY Hotel, Near the British Museum. From 9*s*. 6*d*. per night.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

CAMPDEN Hill, W.8. Well-furnished rooms. Full service and catering. Reasonable terms. Western 5930.

HULL R.A.F. war-widow teacher, prog. inter. music, literature, wishes share her flat. Box 4504.

MOTHER (son, 5), offers share furn. modsed. cottage, Polperro, to mother and child (4–7). Henson, 16 Primrose Gdns. N.W.3.

TO Let. Double bedroom, bathroom, H. & C., telephone. Breakfast if required Modern flat. Write, 10 Claremont Close, N.1.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c. garden. Rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 2 *gns*. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

WANTED.—Shiplake, Wargrave or Henley furn. bed-sit. rm., use bath rm., kit. (or gas-ring), for bus. woman, living halfweek London. Box 4458.

CONGENIAL couple want accommodation for week-ends within 30 miles north or west of London. Box 4467.

GIRL, 28, wants cmftble. bed stg.-rm., 4 nights wkly. Bath, use kit. Rsnble. Easy access Holborn. Away wk.-ends. Box 4482.

TUNBRIDGE Wells, or near. Intellectual worker needs bed-sitt. room, board. Gordon Wormald, 38 Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 2610.

RADIOGRAPHER working city Hosp. requires accom. as P.G., accessible Holborn. Box 4617.

SOVIET Russian couple would share house Loughton or other place within reasonable distance London. Box 4533.

To Let and Wanted

FURNISHED Service Flatlet, concealed double bed, kitchenette, 7 Handel St., W.C.1.

PROF. man offers, Apr., upper maisonette, 6 rms., bathrm. Delightful position overlooking woods, N.6. £150 incl. K., 13 Inverness Ave., Westcliffe.

FURNISHED house, Western suburb, share use and running with owner. Nominal rent to suitable couple. Box 4470.

MOTHER and child urgently seek country cottage or small house during spring and summer for reasons of health. Box 4527

3 GIRLS want unfurnished or partly furnished flat, in non-fussy house, North London district. Box 4530.

WANTED to rent, unfurn. house, 7-8 rooms, garden. West Country. Box 4469.

Typing and Literary

CAVENDISH Typewriting Bureau, 13 Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. Copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating, Prompt qual. work. MAYfair 2772.

PROMPT and accurate copy typing, authors' MSS. E.R.W., 5a New Parade, Bexley Heath.

SYBIL Rang, Literary, Medical, Legal MSS. promptly executed. Wide and thorough experience. Moderate terms. Visiting secretarial work arranged. 17 Hampstead Hill Gardens, London, N.W.3. Tel.: HAM 3854.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating. Every description of secretarial work executed with utmost speed and efficiency at minimum cost. Everybody's Secretarial Service, 156 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. TEM. 4152.

BOOKS bought for cash in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets required. Best prices paid for review copies. L. Simmonds, 184 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. 'Phone: HOL. 5440.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

From the Middle East

". . . The parcel was marked 'Salvaged from Sea' . . . the Tobacco was perfect," he writes.

JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), 1 oz. 2/9½d